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THE GRAVE IN THE WEST.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Western wind, balmy and sweet,
Stole you the breath of the blossoming limes,
Under whose boughs we were wont to meet—
Went to meet in the olden times?

Far away—adown in the West
Blossom the limes that I love so well,
Under whose boughs my life was blest
With a love far dearer than words may tell.

Western wind, though so far away,
I trace in your sighing their odorous breath;
Surely you stole it, and brought it to say:
"Think of the boughs you have wandered beneath!"

The limes in that avenue, leafy and sweet,
Blossomed and faded one happy year,
While under their shadow our two hearts beat
With a love unclouded by doubt or fear.

The limes in that avenue, shady and old,
Have blossomed and faded many a year,
Since one true heart grew forever cold,
And the other forever withered and sere.

Western wind, let the lindens rest!
Waft me no breath from the lime-tree bowers—
But the perfume of roses that grow in the West
On a lowly grave that is covered with flowers!

EVEY.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Bud and leaflet opening slowly,
Wooed with tears by winds of spring,
Now, at last persuaded wholly,
Perfumes, flowers, and shadows bring

Evey, in the linden alley,
All alone I met to-day,
Tripping to the sunny valley,
Spread across with new-mown hay.

Brown her soft curls, sunbeam-painted,
Golden in the wavering flush;
Darker brown her eyes are, painted
Eye and fringe with one soft brush.

Through the leaves a careless comer,
Never nymph of fount or tree
Could have pressed the floor of summer
With a lighter foot than she.

Few her words; yet like a sister,
Trustfully she looked and smiled;
'Twas but in my soul I kissed her,
As I used to kiss the child.

Shadows, which are not of sadness,
Touch her eyes and brow above;
As pale wild roses dream of redness,
Dreams her innocent heart of love

Pictures of Life.

IBLA;

THE LIGHT OF ARABAT.

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE EAST.

In Arabat,* an extensive village on the east bank of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, resided Hyder Beg, one of the wealthiest inhabitants in the vicinity; and his wealth was openly displayed, for he was on terms of the most intimate friendship with the greatest men of the Government. His house, and all the buildings attached, built mainly of wood, and of low elevation, according to the law of the Koran, gave without no sign of the wealth within. There were only plain flat walls, the uniformity of whose surface was broken here and there by a kareebo, or latticed window. The principal entrance was protected by a large, folding-door, over which rested a shah-nishin, or balcony, of prettily devised trellis work, so arranged that although those within could see what was passing in the street, those without, however keen their eyes, could not perceive aught going on within. The whole of the ground story was built of stone, plain but massive; all the upper part was of wood, undecorated save by the shah-nishin. Within, the contrast was remarkable: luxurious, Oriental, and elaborate architectural decorations met the eye at every turn; a spacious open court, round which were hanging-roofs; beds of rare flowers giving out the sweetest perfume; in the centre, a marble basin containing the coolest and clearest water, from which sprang up a jet which threw its spray in misty wreaths, cooling and rendering fragrant the warm and oppressive air. The few tall trees threw delicious shade just where it was needed, and made the court-yard at once agreeable and refreshing.

The court-yard, too, was adorned with several small detached kiosks, or summer-houses, redolent with the odor of exquisite flowers twined around them; and here and there were shrubberies, and sparkling fountains—all showing the sense, and prove how wealthy

Hyder Beg's apartments were truly magnificent, selamlik, for Hyder Beg and his male visitors, and the harem, or "holy place," for his women, including his wife and daughter, who, by the way—contrary to the custom of men of his opulence—were, save the attendants, the only women in the household.

Then, the storehouses, they were stocked with the richest brocaded stuffs produced in the East; shawls of great price and elaborate manufacture, vessels of gold and silver, and weapons and girdles, all enriched with gems of inestimable value, and strange wooden vessels filled with gold metals. Truly, Hyder Beg was a wealthy man!

But his wealth consisted not alone in house, and courts, and fountains, and stuffs, and gems, and golden pieces:—no, he had a daughter, lovely as the houri, comparatively small in stature, but delicately shaped; her every motion that of the gazelle of the desert, and no less graceful.—Her hair, dark as ebony and as glossy as satin, contrasted powerfully with her skin, so dazzling in its clear transparency: and her eyes, her large, dark brown liquid, matchless eyes, so full of passion, yet so gentle, even sorrowful, in their lingering, earnest gaze, made those who looked upon them think only of Paradise and of perfect happiness. Be it known, too, that those who thought thus were women—for the sight of such beauty was not permitted to the gloating eyes of any male follower of the Prophet, save those of her father, Hyder Beg;—and the

*better known as Abydos.

eyes of women are not usually a favorable medium by which to view feminine loveliness. Yet the report of the beauty of Ibla, the daughter of Hyder Beg, the Wealthy, obtained, through the circulating medium already named, throughout Arabat and far beyond.

There were many suitors for the hand of the fair Ibla—merchants of wealth, able to maintain in splendor a harem of large proportions, and crowd it; there were men of rank, in favor with the Sultan and the Prophet; younger sons of mountain chiefs; even the heads of tribes, counting fabulous wealth in camels and sheep, who all made proposals for the hand of the beauty of Upper Egypt—to be rejected.

Hyder Beg, himself wealthy beyond limit, looked for a son not less wealthy than himself, who could maintain her as a sultana, and not trouble him to contribute to the splendor; such a son-in-law did not appear, and Ibla remained unmolested and a maiden.

She was pleased at this, for she viewed the probability of marriage with terror and distaste; not that she had any natural antipathy to that state, but she preferred entering into the holy bonds of wedlock with one of whom her heart was fond, but among those who had addressed Hyder Beg upon the matter there was not one of whom she could say this.

Yet there was a youth of whom this might be said.

Ibla was ever kept close within the walls of her father's house. When she did go abroad, she was attended closely by a woman slave and a guard, who kept her from immediate contact with the sons of men. Her yashmac kept concealed from roving eyes the wondrous beauty of which we have spoken, but her own lustrous orbs wandered over the faces of the handsome Moslems without increasing the pulse of her young and tender heart.

Ibla had a female friend about her own age, whose beauty was not of that transcendent character as to cause her to be kept imprisoned from clamorous suitors. She had more freedom, and took advantage of it. She pointed to Ibla, in glowing terms, those places of beauty she had visited upon the Nile's fair banks, so that Ibla's curiosity was kindled, and a burning desire created in her breast to visit those spots of loveliness of which her friend Saya had spoken to her. Ibla, though lovely as a young moon and as gentle as the soft south wind, was yet a woman, and she determined to judge for herself of these paradises upon earth. She went to Hyder Beg, and said,

"Oh, my father! I am as a bird in confinement. My spirits are sad, and my soul pines for those cool and beautiful places upon the flowered banks of the parent of rivers—the untracked Nile, of which my companion and my friend, Saya, daughter of the Kaid Selim, hath been telling me, and which I die to visit. May I not seek them out, and judge with mine own eyes of the bounty of Allah to the sons and daughters of men?"

Hyder Beg listened with astonishment. The favor was a small one, but when he heard it, he trembled with rage.

"By my father's beard!" he exclaimed, while his eyes sparkled savagely, "thou knowest not, oh, Ibla, what thou dost ask of me. What stuff is this with which Saya hath filled thine head?—Offspring of a defiled grandmother, how dare she taint thee with such notions? Thou shalt cast away from thy companionship this child of a slave. Go!"

"You refuse me, oh, my father!"

"Go! You have my answer, oh, rebellious Ibla!" roared the estimable Hyder Beg.

That night, when the broad moon smiled on the land of Egypt, Ibla, enveloped in a shawl, stole from her father's house, leaving the inmates sleeping within, and meeting Saya and her brother, hastened to the river, and entering with them a boat, was borne up the stream to a spot where grew a thicket of palms, and here they landed. Autar, the brother of Saya, led them to a place where they saw the fragments of obelisks, and statues and columns—the mutilated fragments of tombs, and all that was left of once gigantic temples. He guided them carefully up dilapidated mounds, where they could see for many miles the winding Nile, glistening like a silver riband, flowing through the valley. And all other spots around worthy of a word of praise or a glance of admiration did he unfold to her.

Ibla was lost in admiration at the beauty of what she beheld; yet overwhelmed as she was with the loveliness of the scenery presented to her, she lost not sight of the beauty of Autar. His eye, in size and hue like that of a gazelle's, had the glitter of an eagle's—he had the aspect of a warrior chief; his bearing was that of the son of a king; his step was light and firm like the lion's, and as stately. To Ibla he was as gentle and as soft as a young roe of the plains of Thibet; to his foe a terrible djin. Well acquainted with the place they were visiting, he described it in language of figurative beauty, and in tones which made the heart of Ibla thrill. At the proper hour for return, he was ready to convey them back again, and did so in safety.

Ibla reached her sleeping-room undetected.—She went again and again to other places not less attractive and beautiful; but latterly, somehow, Saya could not accompany her as heretofore, and Ibla and Autar visited the lovely and silent spots alone. He was so kind to her and so ready to do aught to pleasure her, that it is no wonder at his earnest prayer she should, one heavenly night, remove the envious and envied yashmac from her sweet face, so that his eyes might drink in unimpeded her wondrous beauty; and when in the soft light of the silver moon he beheld its charms, he sunk upon his knee and murmured—

"La illaha illa Allah! Light of my eyes! forever art thou my mistress, and I thy devoted slave!"

Oh! was it not natural that Ibla should tremble and need support?—was it unnatural that Autar, finding her grow pale and faint, should hold her in his arms—should respond to the beating of her heart by the beating of his own—should have passionately kissed those small, ripe lips, which seemed held up as an offering to his?

Could Hyder Beg have witnessed this scene, he would have shrieked, have rent his garments, have torn his hair, plucked out his beard, consigned the soul of Autar to the especial care of ghouls and effrits, committed a thousand extravagancies, and, without any great stretch of probability, stitched Ibla in a sack and sent her floating down the Nile.

But there he was not. He was upon his sofa—which was his constant seat in the day, and his bed by nights, in a heavy sleep. Upon his chest was seated, grinning, an elvish effrit, or what in England is called "night-mare." Hyder Beg was groaning, sweating, dreaming, hallooing, for he dreamed that he was bound hand and foot in one of his storehouses; and that while thus helpless, two sharp-eyed, long-fingered Arabs were dipping their nimble hands into those earthen pots which he had filled with golden metals, and were transferring them rapidly to their own custody, and all the time were jibing, jeering and mocking him.

While in his dreams Hyder Beg was robbed of his golden treasure, he was in reality, at the same moment of time, plundered of a treasure far more precious than all his rich stuffs, his priceless gems, his golden metals.

In loving communion amid the solitary ruins of past magnificence, did Autar and Ibla plight their troth, and swear to love each other until the hour came for them to pass over the bridge of thread, on their way to the seven heavens of immortality. Hardly had their low-breathed vows quitted their lips, when they suddenly heard the tread of many feet moving rapidly in close proximity. Ibla had scarcely time to restore her yashmac, when an Arab horde, on a predatory expedition, burst into the alcove in which they were standing. The boat at the river's bank had been first discovered, and the lovers traced hither. They were both seized, and in spite of the desperate struggles of Autar he was overpowered and disarmed. Ibla, almost swooning with fright, required little force to detain her. The chief of the horde surveyed the pair attentively; a smile broke over his features, which were stern and fierce, as he gazed on Ibla.

"Allah il Allah! God is great!" he exclaimed, as he stroked his beard. "Thou art beautiful to the eye, oh, maiden, as the cool fountain in the desert to the parched faithful. Thy garments bespeak thee of rich descent. Oh, star of stars! I will take thee to my tent to wive."

"Son of a dog," hissed Autar, through his teeth.

The chief bent his eagle glance upon the youth, but made no reply to his insult; he turned again to the beautiful Ibla, and launched forth into extravagant hyperbole respecting her incomparable loveliness, and the respectability of her connexions. He never omitted to wind up with some suggestions of the kind, intimating that in the event of her declining to create for herself a paradise upon earth by sharing his tent, and the bliss of being his sixth wife, her parent would possibly pay down a ransom in gold metals which it would occupy a reasonably active person some time in counting.

Ibla sobbed, and entreated to be released, but the chief begged her to calm herself.

"Oh, maiden," said he, "I am Nadir Beg, son of Orob. My word is as the law of the Prophet. By my father's beard! no harm shall approach thee while thou dost make dazzling day in my tent by thy presence. The curse of Eblis upon the foot that approaches thee—the eye that falls upon thee—the hand which touches thee—or he who thinks of thee while thou'rt in my harem. Wallah! I will smite the slave dead!"

Autar ground his teeth; but in spite of his rage the last remark of Nadir Beg suggested a plan of rescue.

"Son of an ape!" he cried. "Brother of hogs, whose defiled beard and flaming hair presage thy doom in the fires of hell! Let us depart in peace, or tremble at the coming hand of the powerful, oh, eater of swine's flesh!"

The rage which this speech kindled in the breast of Nadir Beg was convulsive. The allusion to his hair, which was fiery red, and the suggestion that it was a living sign of what awaited him hereafter, was too much for his meekness. He drew forth his scimitar.

"Cub of a Giaour," he roared; "do you spit on my beard? You shall scream with the damned ere the moon sinks behind yon tomb."

He pointed with his long, claw-finger to the silver orb, whose disc already touched the edge of the ruined monumental charnel-house to which he alluded.

Ibla interposed, and pleaded earnestly for Autar's safety.

"Fear not for me, oh, Ibla!" cried Autar, speaking with emphasis and with great rapidity. "I am in the charge of Allah! You spawn of a father of tusks cannot injure me. God is great, oh, Ibla! Be thou as the lioness of the waste: I will return for thee, save thee, and deliver the carcass of that fire-headed infidel to the ghosts and effrits, and his soul to Eblis. I am Autar, son of Selim. I have said!"

He stooped down suddenly as he concluded, grasped the ankles of the two Arabs guarding him, and rising up, flung them to the ground.—He sprung upon the electrified Nadir, and twisting his scimitar from his hand, sent him staggering back by a violent blow. He then dashed through a group of Arabs stationed at the outlet, with such impetuous force that they were scattered right and left, and with the speed of wind he ran to where his boat yet lay, half on the shore and half on the unruffled surface of the Nile. By an enormous exertion of strength, he launched it with such force that it shot far into the stream, and he was out of the reach of the weapons of the pursuing Arabs, nimble as they were in following, when they reached the banks.

Plying his oars with good will, he rested not until he reached Arabat. When he arrived, he sought his sister Saya, and revealed to her the terrible misfortune which had overtaken Ibla, and his determination to rescue her. He bade her, in the morning, to visit the mother of Ibla, offer her comfort, and hold out hopes of the return of her daughter, but scrupulously to keep hidden from her the facts of the case.

Then he hastened to find out a Greek who traded continuously with the Arabs, who was acquainted with most of the various tribes, and with all their movements, and would be the best assistant Autar could obtain to enable him to track Nadir Beg and his captive. Autar knew well the Arab chief, after his escape, would to horse and away, carefully destroying all clue to the direction he had taken; but he trusted, by the help of the Greek and his own keen sagacity, to discover his place of concealment, and by artifice or force to compel him to give up Ibla. Under the advice of the Greek, obtained by a very liberal dispensation of gold pieces, he summoned a hundred bold horsemen well armed; and ere the sun had risen, was at their head, sweeping over the arid waste in pursuit.

Hyder Beg, fevered by his disturbed and horrid dreams, awoke in a state of irritability not favorable to the well-being of the slaves whose duty it was to come in immediate contact with him so shortly after he had risen. Loud blows of the bastinado in operation might have been heard attended by the screams of the negro who filled an important part in the ceremony. While Hyder Beg was glaring about for another object to vent his wrath upon, his wife appeared.

"Peace be with you!" she exclaimed.

Hyder Beg growled a response.

The usual inquiry after the state of his health was followed by a snapping reply that he was not well.

"Allah Kerim!" ejaculated his wife.

"Allah Akbar!" snorted Hyder Beg, looking at her fiercely, to intimate to her that it would be wise in her to remain within the sanctity of her own apartment.

She folded her arms over her bosom, and dropping her eyelids, she said:—

"Allah alem! God knows wherefore my lord hath in his wisdom sent forth the light of his harem into the streets to be defiled with the eyes of the sons of Eblis, unattended by her slaves!"

Hyder Beg's eyes twinkled, and the corners of his mouth went down. What was this he heard? Had a djin rendered the mother of Ibla a lunatic? He stroked his beard.

"Wallah! What is this you say to me, oh, wife of Hyder Beg?" he exclaimed, slowly,—"would you spit on my beard? Have I the ears of an ass?"

The mother of Ibla repeated her words. She stated that Ibla was not upon her couch, nor even in her apartment, when the Mother of the Maids, as the Governante was termed, went to rouse her from her slumbers, and all search for her in the house, or the precincts of the house, had been made in vain; she could not be discovered. As it was hardly possible that so much beauty and goodness could have been spirited away by a djin, the mother of Ibla found a solution in the mysterious absence of her daughter, by the presumption that Hyder Beg, under circumstances which he might consider it wholly unnecessary to explain, had sent her under an escort of his own, to some place of which she had no notion, and for a purpose of which she had no conception. Hyder Beg heard her to the end with the air of one stupefied by a powerful narcotic. When she ceased, he ejaculated:

"Allah Akbar! God is great! Am I the father of asses?—am I the brother of apes, that this should take place beneath my roof?"

He looked at his wife with an expression in his eyes like that of a tiger about to make a spring.

"Where is the mother of the Oda? Let her appear before me!" he said, ferociously.

The mother of Ibla clapped her hands, and a slave appeared to the summons. The mother of Ibla gave the necessary command, and almost immediately an ancient negress made her appearance. She cast a glance at her master, and his ferocious aspect made her teeth chatter and her knees tremble.

"May God preserve my lord and master!" she exclaimed, in a quivering voice; "I am your slave. It is for you to command, and for your servants to obey. I am here to do your bidding."

"Where is Ibla?" inquired Hyder Beg, glaring upon her with bloodshot eyes.

"Allah alem! God knows!" replied the negress, bowing low.

"Grandmother of monkeys! where is Ibla?" shouted Hyder, his fury gaining in intensity.

"Allahouakbar! God is great!" muttered the negress, with chattering teeth. "Yes ya! I speak the words of truth; may my soul be cursed and worried by dogs in the land of *Sheitan* if I poison the ears of my lord with a lie!"

"Spawn of a ghoul! where is Ibla?" almost shrieked Hyder Beg, leaping to his feet and signing to a couple of slaves, bastinado in hand, to approach.

"Praise be to Allah!—there is no other God than God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" murmured the negress.

With a howl of fury Hyder Beg waved his hand so fiercely as to knock off his turban, which rolled upon the floor, leaving him bald-headed. The two slaves, in the meanwhile, pounced upon the unhappy matron, flung her upon her face, and swiftly elevating the bare soles of her feet, there ensued a rapid practice of the bastinado. The hail of smacks on the bare feet, loud as they were, were almost drowned in the yells of the old negress, who, despite her philosophy, had not enough of the commodity to enable her to endure the discipline in silence. In a whirlwind of passion, deafened by sounds which rivalled the hideous shrieks of a hundred tortured cats, Hyder Beg waved his hand to stay the punishment. The slaves obeyed, and they set the Mother of Maids upon her inflamed and tender feet. Hyder Beg once more addressed her:

"May the daughters of apes deride thee! May'st thou roast in Eblis! Scum of an infidel race, where is Ibla?"

But the negress responded only with groans and lamentations—her soles burned as if in front of a tolerably large roasting fire. Hyder Beg danced with fury—he signed for the slaves with the bastinadoes to repeat the dose—the Mother of Maids was, however, more than satisfied with the first course;—she screamed and fell upon her knees.

"Mercy! oh, Sidi!" she cried. "Spare me, oh, Son of the Sun, and I will confess all I know."

Confess! The word made Hyder Beg leap like an impetuous steed under a withering stroke of the lash. What tale of horror was he about to hear? He lost his voice—he could only motion the negress to proceed. She obeyed, and her relation amounted only to this:—She had, the night previously, prepared the cushions upon which Ibla reposed—had seen her recline upon them—watched her to sleep, and had then retired to the further part of the chamber to sleep herself. She enjoyed her slumber undisturbed until the morning, when, on approaching the couch of the Young Moon among women, she discovered that she was not there. She gave the alarm, and had since searched everywhere for her within the precincts of the house, but without avail. This was all she could tell, and she threw herself upon the mercy of her lord, to whom she wished long life and peace.

Hyder Beg, when she had concluded, distinctly and without spluttering, gave orders that the Mother of Maids, immediately preceding the hour for retiring to rest, should receive fifty blows from the bastinado upon the bare soles of her feet, every night until Ibla was forthcoming; for in her charge was she placed, and she had disappeared without the smallest clue having been left by which to trace her. He further ordered the miserable old negress to be conveyed to a shed at the extremity of the ground on which his buildings stood, and there to be left to feed on the anticipation of the exercise to be administered to her before slumber. Then he fell to tear his clothes, to pluck out his beard, to root out his moustaches, to stamp, rave, and go through a paroxysm of rage, despair, and all the ebullitions frantic grief could set in motion.

While in this tempest of passionate despair, Saya made her appearance, and sought to soothe the weeping mother of Ibla. Unable to bear the grief she witnessed without attempting to allay it by hope, she informed her that her brother had by some means learned the mysterious disappearance of Ibla; and collecting together in haste a hundred brave young warriors, he had gone in pursuit, and would, there was but little doubt, restore her to the embraces of her parents unharmed.

The mother of Ibla listened with surprise. In an emotion of delight she hastened to Hyder Beg and acquainted him with what Saya had told her. The impetuous parent of Ibla hurried to the presence of Saya; he put a thousand questions to her, but she threw him into an ecstacy of astonishment and bewildered mystification; for fearing that she had overstepped already her brother's injunctions, she would reveal no more.

Hyder Beg was not deficient in shrewdness, and with this modicum of a clue he made diligent inquiries. He ascertained that a hundred horsemen, led by Autar, son of Selim, had quitted Arabat ere sunrise;—he learned further the course they had taken; he gathered quickly two hundred mounted warriors, and dashed off in the same direction.

Let us return to Autar, the son of Selim, and see what success attended his efforts. He took with him the Greek Baba, who professed to be well acquainted with Nadir Beg and the haunts of his tribe. As the horsemen, under the guidance of the Greek and the leadership of the son of Selim, swept over the plains, something in the shape of a plan was sketched out by the Greek, which it would be necessary to pursue to secure the prospect of success.

"Nadir Beg will not go to the tents of his tribe with his prize for the present," exclaimed Baba. "He will secret himself in Carnak, or Luxor, in order to let the struggle between love and avarice be fairly fought. For a short time the fountain of beauty—the lovely Ibla is safe. But should a passion be created within his breast by her charms, I would not, oh, son of Selim, risk a metcal of gold against her immunity from dishonor."

The cheek of Autar burned like a furnace, his eyes sparkled like live coals.

"Let us press on, oh, Giaour!" he said between his teeth. "Hearest thou not how my scimitar clanks in its scabbard?—seest thou not how my steed, the son of the pond, pants to reach the hiding-place of the dog who hath torn away a silver star among women?"

They swept swiftly over the arid wastes, and paused not until rest and water were imperatively required by their jaded beasts, and refreshment needed by all the party; and so they halted in a large thicket of palms, and brought out the food they had provided for their journey. Autar ate but little; the Greek, however, did justice to the repast, and when it was finished, he made a sign to Autar, rising to his feet as he did so. Autar, observing him, rose also; then the Greek silently led the way through the labyrinth of tall trees, beneath whose purple shadow he traced a path with deliberation but correctness. He did not utter a word, but continued his noiseless progress for at least a quarter of an hour, following a sinuous course, until he turned abruptly from the path, and emerged into open space.

"Behold, oh, son of Selim! where thou wilt find Ibla, daughter of a golden father."

He flung himself upon a large stone slab as he spoke.

What a scene did Autar behold! The sun was slowly sinking in crimson splendor, lighting up with his roseate hues the granite remains and scattered ruins of the ancient city of Thebes. The water of the Nile washed against its walls. There stood the ruins of a temple, the magnificent columns all standing. There were obelisks of red granite, huge monumental mounds; all the marvellous wonders of ancient Egyptian architecture, with its square and pyramidal forms glowing in the declining rays of an eastern sun. Upon the motionless waters slowly moved a boat of somewhat large dimensions, propelled, as it seemed, by a solitary tenant of the vessel, who appeared making for a spot where a mass of shrubbery vegetation lined for some distance the banks of the broad stream.

For a minute Autar remained silent, gazing upon the city of the dead, awed by its desolate grandeur.

"Dost thou observe yon ibis, oh, son of Selim!" exclaimed the Greek, pointing to a bird in the heavens, which, from a mere speck, had suddenly grown into large dimensions.

"I see it, oh, son of a white father!" exclaimed Autar.

"Mark where it settles," resumed Baba. "There, in concealment, rests Nadir Beg with the glory of her father's harem. May his beard never grow!"

Autar gazed upon the swooping downward flight of the bird, but it disappeared behind a huge monument without enabling him to observe the precise spot where it alighted. Both the bird and the monument being sacred objects, Autar could only curse his unlucky stars, which thus prevented his gaining the knowledge he was so anxious to obtain. The Greek only smiled.

"Allah alem! God knows—so do I, oh son of a noble race—where it hath alighted!" he exclaimed. "Let it rest to seek its food. We must secure you boat."

"Enough! Speak!" muttered Autar.

"We will steal round the left bank of the river, and when the boat touches the land, we must spring on the boatman, bind him, and close his mouth, so that he makes no more sound than the tongueless victims of the displeasure of the Sultan, whom God prosper."

"The smile of the Prophet be on him! Let us make for the boatman," returned Autar, eagerly.

The Greek leaped to his feet, and led the way to a bend in the river, among jutting rocks and straggling pine stems, until the ruins of the city were gained.

Using the utmost precaution, they stole beneath the perpendicular wall of a terrace, upon which repose the ruins of a gigantic temple, and, unseen, gained the recesses of the foliaged covert, towards which the boatman was directing his vessel. They heard the grate of his boat's keel upon the shore—they saw him leap lightly upon the sand, secure the boat to a prostrate column; having accomplished which, he glided into the underwood, only to be suddenly seized, flung to the earth, gagged, bound hand and foot, and concealed in a spot where he was not likely to be discovered.

The Greek and Autar now leaped into the boat; the son of Selim glided beneath the awning, and the Greek steered the boat, propelling it also, until he reached the walled terrace, under which he moored it, where he lay motionless, until the sun had sunk below the horizon.

No sooner did the stars appear in the deep blue heavens, than, in a low tone, he called upon Autar to accompany him, and, springing on to the dilapidated brick steps, he moved quickly upward, and darting across the open way, sought the deep shadows of the monumental erections, so vast in size, so solemn in their aspect. He paused before a small opening in one of these depositories of the great dead, which appeared to have been the work of some despoiler, who had forced an entrance, which the firmly-closed place of ingress had denied him, and summoned Autar to his side.

"Fear you djins or effrits, oh, son of Selim?" he asked, with a curl upon his lip, not perceptible to the young Egyptian.

"Allahouakibar! God is great! There is no other God than God!" replied the Moslem. "I fear neither djins nor effrits."

"It is well," replied the Greek. "But you will have need of all the courage of a lion, the strength of an elephant, the cunning of the serpent, and the speed of the roe of Thibet, to obtain your desires."

"Have I the tongue of the father of apes, or him whom the wine of the Christian has turned into a baboon? I am Autar, the son of Selim. I will pluck the life of my life out of her danger, though the scimitar of the fire-beard cleave me from turban to chine!" replied the young Moslem, proudly.

"It is well," answered the Greek. "Listen to my words, oh, Autar, and profit by them. Nadir Beg has at command here, hidden away, but where they can be assembled in one spot, at a signal, five hundred expert horsemen, mounted on swift steeds, who, if Allah permits us to rescue the glory of Arabat, will follow us, upon discovering her absence, surround and compel us to surrender her, or be cut to pieces. My counsel, therefore, is that, if we rescue the moon of women, we shall, on quitting here, bear her in the boat to the place where your followers await you; and then you, with Ibla in front of you, upon your fleet steed, will take a course, alone, circuitous, and secret, but terminating at Arabat. I will head your followers and lead them by a route entirely different to the one you have adopted, and thus throw Nadir and his followers off their pursuit, until you have arrived at Arabat, and can give their souls to the jeers of their wives."

Autar approved of the scheme, and they proceeded to put it into execution.

The Greek led Autar down dark steps and through damp excavations, exhaling a nauseous smell, until he reached a series of vaulted passages, which, confused and perplexing to Autar, were threaded with ease and celerity by the Greek, who had lighted a small taper and bore it with him. Their progress was uninterrupted, and they continued until the Greek suddenly stopped and extinguished his light; then he caught the hand of Autar, and led him cautiously forward by a narrow, winding passage, and paused before the open door of a vaulted chamber.

"Behold Ibla!" he whispered.

A sight met the eye which might have daunted the courage of any one whose heroism was not forced to an unnatural pitch by love. A spacious vaulted apartment, lighted by a large lamp which hung from the centre of the roof, where it was supported by a strong chain, was filled by armed Arabs, who lay sleeping upon the ground, apparently buried in the profoundest slumber, but each man's weapon ready for instant use. In the middle of this chamber was a pile of cushions, upon which reclined Ibla. She had just wept herself to slumber; at her feet lay, in a deep sleep, Nadir Beg, the strength of whose repose might be measured by the sonorous sounds, emanating from his nose. Autar took in all at a glance, and decided upon his course. With a tread light as a gazelle he stepped over the bodies of the sleeping Arabs, and approached Ibla. Meanwhile the Greek made silently to a side of the chamber where was fastened the chain which supported the lamp; he applied himself to the task of making himself master of the chain, and succeeded. Autar bent low over the slumbering Ibla, and with the very greatest caution and tenderest care, raised the cushion in his arms upon which she rested, and with her upon it stole towards the door. He had just gained it, when, despite the exercise of his utmost softness of movement, she detected the motion; and, not understanding it, in her fright uttered a loud scream.

The shrill blast of a trumpet could not have more effectually summoned the sleeping Arabs to arms. In an instant every man leaped to his feet,

but at the same moment the lamp came thundering down on the stone floor of the chamber with a tremendous crash, plunging them into impenetrable darkness, and the door immediately afterwards closed with a loud noise. The fear of djins and efrits, possessed by the Arabs in an unwholesome degree, threw them into a state of tremendous excitement, and kept them from divining the cause of this extraordinary occurrence. Nadir Beg, however, who was not the man to be thus entrapped without seeking for the cause in other than unearthly means, elevated his voice and made himself heard. At his command a light was procured; then he instantly discovered the absence of Ibla. Assured that she had been borne away by no efrit, he bade his men follow him by another outlet, which, however, opened a yet further distance from the stream. No time was lost, and all dashed on at their topmost speed, convinced that they should yet overtake the rescuer of Ibla. In the meanwhile Autar whispered his name in Ibla's ear.

"Oh, my love! I am Autar," he murmured. "Life of my life—sacred fire of my soul! verily I will no more part with thee but with my existence!"

Ibla uttered a cry of joy.

"Oh, my love!" she exclaimed, "thou art the star of my hope! I will escape or die with thee."

There was no time for words. The Greek guided them up the winding passages and stairs until they reached the open air. They made instantly for the boat, and pushed it far into the stream. Vigorously they plied the sweeps, and were soon borne over the water to the spot where they had emerged from the thicket of palms, after quitting their own horsemen. Ere they gained it they perceived the walled terrace in the open space between the ruined temple and the catacombs swarming with Arab horsemen. A quick glance enabled them to detect that their boat had been observed, and to see the Arabs dash off in hot pursuit of them. They redoubled their exertions—they landed—they reached their armed friends, who were wondering at their prolonged absence, and a few words revealed the design of the Greek, which Autar had determined to adopt, and which was promptly carried out.

On the back of a fleet steed Autar and Ibla pursued their way to Arabat alone, leaving the Greek and his followers to throw the pursuing Arabs off the scent.

The Greek had omitted to calculate that Nadir Beg might divide his force, and send detachments in different directions: but this the Arab chief did, despatching a hundred one way, two hundred another, and he himself heading the remainder, took a third course, which happened to be the one selected by Autar.

The day broke; the anxious looks of the son of Selim often directed in his rear, detected, with perturbed eyes, a body of horsemen pursuing him. It was Nadir Beg and his followers. The speed of his steed was surpassed by the magnificent and fleet barb which bore Nadir Beg, who, as soon as he perceived those of whom he was in pursuit, pressed his spurs into the animal's flanks, and leaving his men behind, almost flew after Autar and his fair companion. Racking his brain for a mode of escape, Autar noted the distance that divided Nadir from his troop. A thought struck him.

"Wallah! I will smite him!" he muttered. "Oh, Ibla, put faith in Allah! Wallah! I will slay this accursed son of a scorched grandfather!"

He slackened his speed, and whispering a few words to Ibla, so that she might remain in the saddle while he quitted it, he slid to the ground and turned to face Nadir Beg. As soon as the latter arrived within hearing, Autar, grasping his scimitar, raised his voice, and in the highly figurative Arabic he extolled his own prowess, and decided that of Nadir Beg in such contemptuous terms, that his foe, to Autar's delight, slid from his steed and advanced upon him, foaming with rage, and armed only with his scimitar. On the instant Autar attacked him with impetuous fury, and being possessed of remarkable skill in the use of his weapon, there was scarce a dozen flashes of the blades in the air ere Nadir Beg lay stretched upon the earth, brained.

With a curse upon his departing soul, Autar, not losing a moment, vaulted into Nadir's saddle; catching the bridle of his own horse, he bade Ibla sit firm, and dashing his spurs into the flanks of the steed he bestrode, once more away they flew.

The pursuing Arabs, on discovering the dead body of Nadir, left a few of their number with it, and continued the pursuit with the untiring tenacity of wolves. It was when the heart of Autar began to fail him, for he saw that the barbs, kept at their utmost speed, were failing in strength, that a large body of horsemen appeared on the horizon in the direction in which he was making. He felt assured they could only be friends; he pressed on to gain their aid, for he knew that if the Arabs of the tribe over which Nadir Beg had been chief overtook him, his fate was sealed.

A desperate struggle ensued between the pursued and the pursuers. What might have been the result had not help been at hand it is unnecessary to say; but the coming band observing those who fled and those who followed, increased their speed, until it was clear that if they all continued at the same pace, a collision would take place between the three parties at about the same moment of time. Observing this, Nadir Beg's followers, taking counsel of prudence, turned and went back almost as fast as they came; while Autar and Ibla, pushing on, came up with the troop of horsemen, which proved to be that headed by Hyder Beg. The delight with which Hyder Beg recovered his daughter no words can chronicle; he exhausted the figures of speech in praising Allah for her safety; he had not a word of thankfulness left for Autar, and hurried her away to Arabat at full speed,—yet not until the eyes of Ibla had beamed with passionate tenderness upon Autar, returning, in his estimation, the service he had rendered tenfold.

Autar narrated to his father, the Kaid Selim, the history of these events, expatiated upon the beauty of Ibla, whose loveliness excelled that of the houris of paradise, and declared unless she were given to him to wive, he would give himself to the alligators of the Nile. The Kaid Selim loved his son. He sent for Hyder Beg. He was not so rich as Hyder, but far more powerful. Hyder Beg obeyed the summons, as he was bound, and leaving his shoes at the threshold of the apartment, entered the presence of the Kaid Selim. He made the usual salaam, and said, "Peace be with you, oh, Kaid!"

"With you be peace, oh, Hyder Beg!" responded Selim; adding, "Are you well?"

"Allah Kerim! Well!" replied Hyder Beg.

Then Selim proceeded to business, suggested that Hyder had a daughter, fair as the morn in the spring, and that he had a son a lion among Arabs, whose nod was honor. He had cast his eyes in all directions for a wife worthy of his merits—they had fallen on Ibla. Hyder Beg turned pale, and made an excuse, for was he not on the look-out for a son-in law, far more wealthy than Autar? Selim overruled it. Hyder turned red, shifted his ground, and made another. This also Selim put aside. Then Hyder Beg turned purple, and said, "My daughter, oh, Kaid, hath entreated of me that she may become a daughter of the Prophet,"—which meant that she desired to become a recluse, or holy woman. The Kaid Selim knew this to be a lie. He grew purple too.

"Dog!—son of a dog!" he growled, "do you spit on my beard!"

He gave a sign. Four sturdy negroes stepped forward on the instant. Equally instantaneously Hyder Beg found his lips saluting the floor, while his bare soles, elevated high in the air, received a hurricane of blows from the bastinado. At a given signal Hyder Beg was placed upon his feet again; his face was as the wintry setting sun; his eyes were bloodshot.

"Allah Akbar," cried the Kaid Selim. "God is great, and an evil demon hath possessed himself of thy tongue. We will repeat this talk to-morrow, and every day until the djin is frightened out of thee by the bastinado, oh, Hyder Beg!"

"Allahouakibar!" exclaimed Hyder, with chattering teeth, while tears of pain streamed down his eyes. "God is great. Let Autar, thy son, the lion of Arabat, come to my house. My daughter hath changed her mind—she will wed Autar, oh, my lord! Bismillah!"

"Bismillah!" repeated Selim. "May thy children multiply! May thy beard grow!"

Hyder Beg toddled home on his hot and inflamed feet, and ordered every one in his household to be bastinadoed. He anathematized the Kaid Selim, worked himself into a frenzy of passion, which disappeared suddenly at the sight of Autar, who, learning from his father the result of the interview between him and Hyder, hastened to claim a formal introduction to Ibla, as her future lord and master. Hyder saw spectral bastinadoes flourishing in the air, about, around Autar, and he received him graciously, without a trace visible, outwardly, of the indignation which convulsed him inwardly.

Autar and Ibla were wedded. They loved each other tenderly—they were happy. Autar ultimately became possessed of enormous wealth, and could have formed an extensive harem, but he expended the money in bringing happiness to Ibla. For did he not love her truly and tenderly, and was not her soul his? Their life was bliss. Is it not so written?

New Publications.

Plays and Poems. By George H. Boker. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.

Justice to Mr. Boker would demand a more elaborate and extended review of these volumes than our present space can afford. It is perhaps enough to remind the public that his lyrics and dramatic works are now collected, and issued in Messrs. Ticknor & Field's best style. The present edition includes the tragedies of "Calaynos," "Anne Boleyn," "Leonor de Guzman" and "Francesca da Rimini." In addition to the tragedies, the volumes contain the play—"The Betrothal"—the stirring comedy entitled "The Widow's Marriage," and a number of poems, songs and sonnets. Among the latter are the beautiful lines—"I Have a Cottage"—whose exquisite and varied dream-pictures have already passed into many memories. The poem closes with one of the finest images of a bright and peaceful senescence and death, that we remember to have seen:—

"I have a cottage where my days shall close,
Calm as the setting of a fixèd star."

"The Death of Doña Urraca," and "The Siege of Cabezon," are, we think, the best of the four Spanish ballads the book contains. "The Death of Doña Urraca" is particularly fine. It has a noble and awful pathos and beauty. "The Rose of Granada" is the song of the songs, and has as much dramatic suggestiveness, and vivid, picturesque boldness and beauty of outline and coloring, as one of Browning's lyrics, together with an ease of movement and haunting verbal melody which Browning seldom, if ever, attains. It is a true song, for it sings in the memory. The lines which follow it, about "the gay maiden" that lived "by the mill," offend the taste, and are, we must say, a blot on Mr. Boker's poetic escutcheon, which, with a few other blots of less account, we should be glad to see erased at an early opportunity.

Many of the minor poems are very beautiful. Chief among them, we esteem the superb sonnet—the first of the series—entitled "To England," commencing "Lear and Cordelia!" The inspiration is prophetic and sad, and the prevailing sentiment, conveyed in an image of rare felicity and beauty, is of the truest grandeur and generosity. We subjoin the sonnet for the benefit of our readers:

TO ENGLAND.

Lear and Cordelia! 'twas an ancient tale,
Before thy Shakespeare gave it deathless fame;
The times are changed, the moral is the same.
So, like an outcast, dowerless and pale,
Thy daughter went; and in a foreign gale
Spread her young banner, till its sway became
A wonder to the nations. Days of shame
Are close upon thee; prophets raise their wail
When the rude Cossack with an outstretched hand
Points his long spear across the narrow sea,—
"Lo! there is England!" When thy destiny
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou dost stand
Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land,—
God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be!

We cannot better conclude our hurried notice of Mr. Boker's poetical productions than by commending them to all among our readers who love rich and vigorous poetry.

Morgan Horses. By D. C. Linsley. C. M. Saxton & Co., New York. For sale by E. C. & J. Biddle, Philadelphia.

This is an elaborate and able essay on the origin, history, and characteristics of the remarkable American breed of horses, known by the epithet of Morgan, which originated in Vermont, and is now valued in every section of the country. The essay won the first premium from the Vermont State Agricultural Society, and comes to us with the highest commendation of that institution. It comprises a great many hints for the breeding and breaking of horses, and for their general use and management, together with practical directions for training them for exhibition at agricultural fairs. The book is finely embellished with numerous portraits of celebrated horses. We consider it a work of much value and interest, and think every agriculturist will find great pleasure and profit in its perusal. The style is simple and spirited, and the information ample, comprehensive, and reliable.

The British Poets. Little & Brown, Boston. For sale by C. G. Henderson & Co., Philadelphia.

Six volumes, comprising all the poems of Thomas Moore, with a full memoir and a portrait, and forming part of the beautiful edition of the British Poets. All persons who wish a complete library of the Poets, cannot do better than procure this edition.

☞ Domestic Toast.—May your coffee and the slanders against you be ever alike—without grounds.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and to the country to one Post Office:

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles have been received and are respectfully declined:—"To Fanny Fern;" "Farewell Lines to Helen;" "A Picture from my Portrait Gallery;" "The Wanderer of Brazil;" "To an Ancient Mound."

☞ Owing to our desire to present the President's Message to our readers this week, they probably will not receive their papers at as quite as early a day as usual. A number of articles prepared and selected for the paper, are also necessarily omitted.

THE COMING YEAR.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the coming year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We design commencing, in the first number of January next, the following Original Novelet:—

TALLENGETTA;
OR,
THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

By WILLIAM HOWITT, Author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c.

This is a story of Australian Life, Mr. Howitt having visited Australia expressly with the object of acquainting himself with the novel and romantic objects under which Nature and Society present themselves in that singular region.

The following Novelets will then be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, author of "The Lost of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a Short and Condensed

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

SPIDER AND SNAKE BITES.

A physician writing under the signature of "W." in a late number of the *Mobile News*, details his treatment of persons suffering from the bites of snakes or spiders, which he says he has pursued with success during a practice of thirty-eight years. The treatment is as follows: One grain doses of morphine given at intervals of thirty to forty minutes; a free use of sinapisms—that is, poultices in which mustard is a principal ingredient—over the parts where the pain is intense, and as much brandy, or whiskey, as the patient can be made to drink, together with its constant application to the wound and the pained parts. In one case he mentions—that of a gentlemen bitten very badly by a spider—this course was continued for eight hours, with a decided amelioration of the symptoms; but strong spasmodic pains still returning at intervals, chloroform was used, which put the patient into a profound sleep, and completed the cure. The patient, having a large head and stout neck, it was thought proper to have him afterward purged freely with jalap.

The writer states that the above treatment must, of course, be modified by considerations of age, sex, habits and idiosyncracies. "In all cases, however," he concludes, "the brandy or whiskey must be pushed without limit until pain and spasms cease; intoxication in these cases cannot be produced."

☞ Gen. Rufus Welch, the well-known circus proprietor, died in this city on Friday, the 28th ultimo.

AGRICULTURAL HORSE-RACING.

A great *louse* (shade of Addison, forgive!) is being made at present in some parts of the country, with regard to the practice, slowly and surely coming into vogue, of testing the speed and other useful qualities of the horses exhibited at our Agricultural Fairs. The indignant morality of certain newspapers has arisen and charged it upon these exhibitions that they exist with a sole view to the furtherance of horse-racing, and that their principal attraction for the vast numbers of people that visit them, is neither their sheep, nor their pigs, nor their oxen, nor their farm-implements, nor anything of that kind, but their mile track and fast horses. The indignant morality aforesaid, furthermore declares that all the worst evils which infest the regular and legitimate "races" anywhere, abound and flourish at these Fairs (a very sweeping and unjust charge, by the way). The swell-mob, it is said, frequent them; and vagrant showmen, pick-pockets and gamblers gather thereat to ply their respective trades.—Therefore, for these, and other unmentioned reasons, screams the indignant morality aforesaid, let the exhibition-course at the Agricultural Fairs be abolished.

This appears to us a very mistaken strain. It seems to us odd logic to condemn a practice altogether harmless in itself, and to call for its cessation, because of the altogether unnecessary evils with which it may be at present surrounded, and against which, one would think, indignation would be better directed.

Another mistake is, to confound the spectacle on the track at an agricultural exhibition, with that on the track of the ordinary race-course.—There is a wide difference between the two. We consider the usual races extremely pernicious, and open to reprobation; and for these, among many reasons: They are instituted on the principle and for the purpose of betting, which is gambling; their sole relation towards the horses is to spur them to their very utmost speed, in order that money may be lost and won; and to effect this end, it matters little whether the unfortunate animals be injured or no. Now, observe the difference. At the agricultural exhibition, the track is provided not for gambling purposes, but for the purposes of trade; horses are brought thither, not to win stakes, but to be sold; to effect this end, the animals must not be injured, and, therefore, they are not goaded beyond their natural, normal powers; and, finally, their capacities and qualities are shown, not with mere reference to the matter of speed, but with reference to the general excellence of the animals; the point being, not alone to show their swiftness, but to exhibit all their paces. The difference is obvious to every candid mind. The charge which some rash papers have made, that nothing takes place on the track but horse-racing, is unfounded and unjust, as every person who has witnessed these exhibitions will testify.

But, waiving all this, if it were true that the horse-racing at these exhibitions is carried on injudiciously, and also to the exclusion of their other purposes and objects, it would be a matter calling for regulation and reform undoubtedly; but why decide against the use because of the abuse? The tone of the outcry, however, seems to indicate a feeling that the simple trial of speed between the animals is a practice which militates with the moral law. Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that the chief reason the majority of people have for attending these exhibitions, or the principle inducement which attracts them thither, is the show of running horses. What then? So long as it is properly and moderately conducted, we see nothing wrong in it. The pleasure we derive from beholding two or more swift and beautiful animals flashing along the course, is, of itself, a perfectly harmless and moral pleasure. Why shouldn't it be indulged? Why should not people be amused when the amusement is in itself innocent? There is no more sin in a horse-race properly conducted, than there is in a ploughing match. Why is the pleasure we feel in witnessing the one, more sinful than that we feel in witnessing the other? The only possible evils that can appertain, at an agricultural fair, to either spectacle, are the spirit in which they may be seen and the circumstances by which they may be surrounded. But such evils do not necessarily belong to the spectacle itself, nor can they be properly imputed to it as blame. Must you who are quietly and harmlessly enjoying yourself with the exhilarating sight of the beautiful, rapid horses flying along the track, forego your pleasure, and decide that the whole exhibition is essentially wicked and pernicious, because, somewhere among the crowd, Mr. Filch, the notorious pickpocket, is exercising his skill on the pockets of Farmer Green, or Mr. Sharpe, the dexterous gambler, is showing Mr. Dunn Brown how a fool and his money can be soon parted? Why, Messrs. Filch and Sharpe do such things at the stump speech gathering, or the camp-meeting! Shall we therefore pull up all the stumps, and tear down all the benches, and bid the minister and the politician keep at home? Must nobody assemble for a lawful and moral purpose, because somebody will attend who will be neither moral nor lawful? Really, 'twere better to discriminate a little in such cases, and call in the State laws and the county officers to deal with the offenders, and purge the assemblage of their presence!

But, apart from all this, there is a business side to the question. Many of the horses brought to an agricultural fair are road-horses; they are brought thither for sale; their merits are claimed to be in their speed and even paces, and the other qualities which make a saddle or a carriage horse desirable; and how are these to be tested for the satisfaction of persons wishing to purchase, unless the capacities of the horse are displayed on the track before those persons' eyes? Must the buyer put his head in a bag? Do you wish him to take "a pig in a poke?" Of course not. Every one will agree that it is necessary to have the relative qualities of the animals displayed in the trial of speed, as in other trials, different in kind, if only for the purposes of trade. When a fast horse is wanted by the purchaser, the seller must show that his is the fast horse needed, and the exhibition committee prepare the track and give him a chance to show it. Why not?

Besides, horses, as well as other animals, are brought to an agricultural fair to compete for premiums, which, when obtained, are, practically, endorsements of their excellence pecuniarily valuable to their owners. We need hardly say that to offer premiums for fine animals is to incite and encourage stock breeders to raise such, and thus to increase their number throughout the country. Nobody doubts the expediency or the wisdom of this practice; but how are the premiums to be awarded unless the horses are put through all their paces on the track? You can estimate cows, oxen, sheep, pigs, etc., in the stalls; but to ascertain the value of the horse, he must exhibit his qualities before you on the course.

There is a distinction and a difference between a custom and the abuses which spring up, like toadstools, around it. We can see nothing wrong or inexpedient in a horse-show; and so long as this department of an agricultural exhibition is not given an undue prominence, to the detriment of the other departments, and the destruction of the other purposes of the show, we have nothing to say against it. If the managers of such exhibitions do their duty, they will see to it that no gaming, or other evil practices, are allowed on their grounds, and that their exhibition shall be strictly an agricultural exhibition, and free from any immoral or frivolous surroundings. We know of no evil, among those we have seen charged by a certain portion of a too hasty press upon these agricultural fairs, which cannot be remedied without adopting any such stringent measure as the abolition of the horse-track. The simple exercise of the power the managers have to preserve decency and decorum on their own premises, is sufficiently effectual. As for the pickpockets, they will be present wherever there gathers a crowd. Must we, therefore, conclude that crowds are very bad things? It is part of the logic of the anti-horse-track people! But let us hope that we may still be permitted to show our swift and well-trained horses, and that the abolishers may "take a thought and mend," and be content properly to exercise their indignation and hostility on the evils that carelessness may have allowed to spring, like a fringe of poisonous weeds, along the agricultural horse-track, and which we shall be glad to see uprooted and destroyed.

THALBERG'S CONCERT.

The celebrated pianist, Thalberg, made his first appearance before a Philadelphia audience on Friday evening, Nov. 28th. Contrary to our expectations, the performance justified his great reputation. Mr. Thalberg is one of those performers that look like gentlemen—we mean that have no theatrical or professional aspect. He appears upon the platform without any of the peacock tricks so frequent in the profession. In deportment, he is grave, temperate, decorous.—There is a quiet music in his manner which pleases, before he touches the keys.

The same modest and unaffected simplicity which appears in his aspect, appears also in his instrumentation. He does not deal in "sound and fury, signifying nothing," or indulge in any theatrical freaks calculated to distract the attention from the music to the musician. His music is not a mere medley of scientific quirks and crotchets; it is melodious and touching. One test of the true artist seems to us to be his capacity to make you forget his playing, and even his presence; and to excite thought, imagination or emotion, alien to the occasion, by the magic of his music. Thalberg does it. To us he is a great performer, because he is a poet among performers.

Signor Morelli and Madame Wilhorst, who occupied a part of the programme, sang with much acceptance. We must not forget to mention, as one of the pleasant features of the evening, the very unusual and repeated bursts of applause which greeted the appearance of Mr. Thalberg. They were, undoubtedly, tributes less to his fame, than to the grave charm of his personal deportment.

BOARDING SCHOOLS.

We have received the following from an esteemed lady correspondent:

Mr. Editor:—In your paper of week before last, I noticed an article upon the education of girls at boarding schools.

As applied to boarding schools in general, it is but a too true statement. I had about despaired of finding a boarding school conducted upon right principles, when accident threw me in the way of the one recently established at Media, about twelve miles from this city. The dwelling is large and commodious, provided with bath-rooms, gas, and every convenience. No dormitories, as is the general arrangement in this section of the country, but pleasant rooms, neatly carpeted, and furnished with wardrobes, toilet tables, excellent beds, plenty of bed clothing, &c., &c. Two young ladies can occupy a room. The entire number of pupils is limited to forty, for which seven teachers are employed. The time for study is so arranged, as not to encroach upon the evening hours, which are devoted to recreations of different kinds. The large and pleasant parlor is handsomely furnished, and is never closed to the pupils. Dinner is served at two o'clock; but a lunch is provided daily at eleven. The food is of the best quality, and in abundance. A school conducted on such liberal principles deserves to be known.

Although I was an entire stranger to all connected with the institution, I left my daughter without hesitation, feeling confident, from all that I saw, that she would not only have an opportunity to acquire a thorough and accomplished education, but that she would also enjoy the comforts of a refined home.

A bowling alley is in process of erection for the encouragement of the pupils in taking the exercise necessary to health. The Principal assured me that no pains or expense would be spared to render it a school of superior merit. C. M.

Vagaries of Fashion.—Under this caption an exchange tells us that "at Funchal, Madeira, they wear white boots, instead of black ones, and a lump of chalk does the service of the blacking brush."

This is true, but comfort has more to do with it than fashion. Were one to wear black boots in the hot latitudes, the feet would be blistered. Black absorbs the heat; white reflects it; hence the comfortable custom of wearing white linen boots in the tropics. As for the chalk, that is added by way of embellishment, undoubtedly.

News from Kansas.—Dates from Kansas to the 19th ult., state that the land sales at Leavenworth were passing off quietly, about 2,000 purchasers being in attendance, and the bidding active and high. Marshal Donaldson has refused to re-arrest Hayes for the murder of Buffum, as ordered by Governor Geary, and declares he will resign. The St. Louis Democrat says he has resigned, and left Lecompton. Chief Justice Lecompte has adjourned his Court till after the land sales at Leavenworth. Some 30 of the prisoners, indicted under his instructions, have succeeded in obtaining a change of venue to Judge Cato's Court, which opened at Tecumseh.

Gov. Geary, after the refusal of Donaldson to rearrest Hayes, immediately despatched Colonel Titus with six armed men, who captured the murderer and brought him to Lecompton. The prisoner's counsel thereupon applied to Judge Lecompte for a writ of habeas corpus. Judge Lecompte has issued a process against Gov. Geary for contempt of court.

The St. Louis Democrat of the 26th ult., learns that the reserved lands of Kansas are selling rapidly at from $1,50 to $3 per acre. The lands being sold were situated upward of twenty-five miles from Leavenworth City. The best feeling prevailed among purchasers. Settlers claims were respected, and no one was bidding against them.

Judge Cato has refused the writ of Habeas Corpus asked for in the case of the murderer Hayes, causing much excitement among the pro-slavery men.

Chicago, Dec. 1.—Advices from Kansas to the 24th ult., state that thirty nine of the Free State prisoners at Lecompton escaped on the night of the 22d ult. No violence was used by them.

The reports that Judge Lecompte has issued a process against Gov. Geary is not confirmed.

It is now stated that a writ of habeas corpus has been granted in the case of Hayes, charged with the murder of Buffum.

Escape of Political Prisoners.—Nine Frenchmen, recently political prisoners at Cayenne, succeeded in escaping on a raft and reaching Demarara, from whence they were conveyed to Baltimore in an American vessel.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

The Presidential Election—Buchanan Successful in California—Chinese Troubles.

The U. S. Mail steamship Illinois arrived at New York on the 29th ult., with dates from San Francisco to the 5th.

The Presidential election in California is confidently stated to have resulted for the Buchanan and Breckinridge ticket, by a plurality of at least 8,000. The Republican vote is believed to be less than that of the Know Nothings. The cause of Fremont, according to the San Francisco Bulletin, was injured by his supposed association with Palmer, Cook & Co.

San Francisco also has given over 100 majority for Buchanan. It was generally thought that Fremont would have a majority.

The people's reform ticket (Vigilance Committee's) for municipal officers carried in the city by about 1,000 majority. It is believed that the two Congressional Districts have been carried by the Democrats.

The Democrats have also secured a majority in the Legislature, which secures to them two U. S. Senators, provided the party can agree among themselves on a choice.

Gov. Johnson withdrew his Proclamation declaring San Francisco in a state of insurrection the day before election; and the State arms were on the same day surrendered by the agent of the Vigilance Committee to General Kibbe, the State custodian.

The following is the State vote, as far as received:

Counties.	Buchanan.	Fillmore.	Fremont.
San Francisco,	4,067	1,266	3,915
Sacramento,	2,600	2,563	688
San Joaquin,	810	617	350
Yuba,	1,012	784	554
El Dorado,	2,185	1,408	720
Placer,	1,047	1,200	781
Nevada,	2,010	1,631	1,090
Tolumne,	629	621	145
Calaveras,	849	525	181
Contra Costa,	200	121	240
Solano,	133	81	93
Yolo,	126	139	
Sierra,	169	193	
Alameda,	113	53	11
	14,940	11,417	8,873

The San Francisco Bulletin reports a battle between two parties of Chinamen—the Hong Kongs and the Cantons—about 2,500 in number. They fought at the distance of about a mile from each other, and had several skirmishes, in which four were killed, and about twenty wounded. The trouble is said to have grown from the fact that one party rolled a large stone on the mining claim of another set, and refused to remove it.

The Indians in the northern part of the State had been somewhat troublesome. Reports from the mining regions are generally favorable. On the 23th of August a large number of delegates from different parts of the Gadsden purchase assembled at Tucson, for the purpose of taking the necessary steps to form a territorial government. It is proposed to call the new territory "Arizona." The estimated population is 10,000.

From Sonora, we learn that a revolution had taken place, and Gov. Gondara was completely routed. He has sent messengers to California for 3,000 men and arms, with the ostensible object of putting down the Apache Indians.

Considerable excitement prevails on the Isthmus respecting the issue between the British Minister and the New Granadian Government upon the Mackintosh debt.

The *Tiempo* says that, at a meeting of the British residents in Bogota, held on the 17th of October, it was resolved, in view of the present state of New Granadian finances, and as Congress would soon meet, to petition Lord Clarendon not to carry out the blockade for the Mackintosh claim. This expression of feeling is a great satisfaction to the people of Bogota.

Everything was quiet in Nicaragua. The New Orleans steamer of the Nicaraguan brought Walker four hundred and fifty men, supplied with arms, ammunition, and provisions.

NEWS ITEMS.

Marriages in Boston, Mass.—A Boston paper says:—Leap Year down East, this time, is a failure. Either our Yankee girls have not availed themselves of the privileges of leap year, or the bachelor friends have resisted their charms. The fact we have from official sources that there has been a decided falling off, so far, this year in Boston, of the number of marriages, the total up to November 1st, being only about 1,400. Last year about 3,000 marriages were solemnized in Boston.

School Punishments in St. Louis.—The Board of School Directors in the city of St. Louis have passed the following resolution: "That hereforth no teacher shall be allowed to inflict a blow on the head in any manner; that the use of a rattan, or like instrument, upon the hand, is prohibited; and that bruising or maiming the hand or any other part of the body, will not be tolerated; and this Board wish it distinctly understood that, in accordance with powers reserved in the rules, they will consider departure from such restrictions good cause for immediate discharge from the service of this Board."

Reclaiming a Swamp.—Mr. Hunter, a civil engineer, has been employed, under the authority of the Legislature of Georgia, to report upon the feasibility of draining Okefenokee Swamp, which contains about 500,000 acres supposed to be some of the richest land in the State.

The Bank of East Tennessee.—Letters have been received from the President of the Bank of East Tennessee, contradicting the rumors affecting the credit of that institution, and stating that the Bank is in a perfectly sound condition.

South Carolina Legislature.—The Legislature of South Carolina met on Monday, 24th, at Columbia. The Governor, in his message, regards the recent election as merely establishing a truce between the North and the South. He advocates the revival of the slave trade, thinks every department of labor should be in the hands of slaves. He refuses to lay before the Legislature the resolution of the New Hampshire Legislature transmitted through the Governor of that State. The balance of the Message is devoted to State affairs.

The Mobile Tribune says: "A gentleman from Texas informs us that on election day, near San Antonio, six horses and two camels were stolen from Capt. Wayne, of the U. S. Army, by the Indians. Pursuit was made of the thieves, but with what result was not known when the informant left."

A gentleman who died in this county, the Lexington (Va.) Gazette, a few months ago, devised his entire property, estimated at $100,000, to one of his sisters. After his death the sister destroyed his will, and divided the property equally between a brother and herself.

Great Yield.—The Louisville Courier-Enquirer states that on Colonel Anderson's plantation, situated on North Sulphur River, Texas, there was picked, since, 1,948 pounds of cotton were gathered from one acre of ground. The ground was staked off, and the cotton weighed in the presence of several gentlemen.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 26.—The Water Cure establishment at Geneva, was destroyed by fire on Saturday night. The inmates escaped with difficulty. Two women jumped from the windows of the fourth story. One was instantly killed and the other fatally injured.

Murder of a French Missionary.—The Hong Kong (China,) Register of September 14th, states that Rev. M. Chapicolaine, a French Catholic missionary, was seized by the authorities of Kwang Si, and after several days' torture and imprisonment, on suspicion of his exciting the people to rebellion, was carried in a cage to the prison and publicly beheaded. It is said that the Mandarin soldiers opened the body, took out the heart, cut it in pieces, and fricasseed it!

Suit Against a Railroad.—Recently, W. Page brought a suit against the Michigan Central Railroad, for violation of contract, refusing to convey him to Lyons, N. Y., for which place he had purchased a ticket, and forcibly ejecting him from a railroad car when he refused to pay additional fare. Damages laid at $5,000. The jury gave him a verdict for $100.

Important Invention for Cotton Planters.—Mr. George G. Henry, an intelligent planter of Mobile, has obtained a patent for an instrument and combination of machinery which is expected to create quite a revolution in the industry of the South. By its means the seed will be converted on the plantation, by a continuous process, into merchantable cotton, this without a greatly increased outlay of capital, and with the ordinary labor of the plantation.

Paris Letter.

MOOD OF THE TIMES—UNCOMFORTABLE GRANDEURS—COURTLY ABSURDITY—THE ENTENTE CORDIALE IN DANGER—A STRIKING COSTUME —RACHEL'S HOTEL—CARA GUIDI—ANOTHER LADY-DOCTOR.

PARIS, Nov. 6, 1856.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

According to the prognostications of the weather-wise, everything betokens an early and rigorous winter. Flocks of birds are coming south, though the usual period of their migrations has not arrived; violent snow-storms have set in in Russia, Sweden, and among the Alps; the Rhine is shrouded in fogs, that usually come on a full month later, and the temperature on its banks is known to a few degrees above zero. Here we have already had one frost, and shall doubtless have but a very short time for others. The chestnut-roasters installed themselves a fortnight ago at their usual places at the doors of the wine-shops, and in little niches left purposely for them in walls of houses affected to other branches of trade; the wood-yards are the scene of great animation, and loads of firing are perambulating the streets, journeying down into cellars and up into unoccupied corners in garrets, and furs, great coats, and comforters are coming out from their six-months' seclusion. With prices at their present height, what will the poor do through the long, dark, gloomy, northern winter now so closely treading on our heels?

The Court is still at Compiegne, whose inns are crammed to overflowing by strangers who, having nothing better to do with themselves, flock thither to peep at the gay doings which they are allowed to look upon, without taking any more active share in the proceedings. Hunting and shooting parties alternate in these precincts, full of game of every description. The quantity of game killed in the last shooting-match amounted to 703 heads, including 40 kids, 74 pheasants, 15 or 20 red partridges, and one single gray partridge. The costume as well as the customs of the Court of Louis XV. have been revived on this occasion. The gentlemen wear the hat of that date, a green coat with long skirts lined with red and turned inside out at the corners, green breeches, stockings long enough to reach to the waist, but rolled down to the knee, where they are met by the traditional top-boots, with spurs. The ladies wear a very pretty, but decidedly *Bloomerian* costume, consisting of a riding-habit, reaching just below the knee, of dark green cloth, with pantaloons of the same material, tight-fitting, like those of the men, Turkish boots reaching to the knee, and a small black beaver hat, with round brim and plume.

There are six hundred bed-rooms in the palace, but most of these being occupied by the suite of the Imperial household, his Majesty only do the hospitable on a very limited scale, and has been obliged, in consequence, to cut the list of guests into three portions, which will succeed one another, each *squad* remaining one week. As the chateau dates from the time of Louis XIV., when "comfort" was very little known, even in the personal arrangements of royalty itself, it is not surprising that the domestic accommodations should be somewhat primitive, and that the guests are obliged to put up with a vast number of small inconveniences. The few good bed-rooms being occupied by the most distinguished guests, the rest are obliged to put up with wretched little holes, such as they would hardly put their servants into at home. Saint-Simon complained, in his day, that dukes were *coupled* at the chateau of Compiegne." This same "coupling," which meant that a pair of these illustrious members of the peerage had been forced to occupy the same sleeping-room, has again been resorted to in the present arrangements. But what would one not do for the honor and glory of being admitted to the autumnal recreations of the Imperial party?

Besides the old royal hunting costume, Louis Napoleon, aided by his grand huntsman, Gen. ——, (whom, on account of his obesity, the Court has christened the "*big* huntsman,") has revived the old ceremonial observed in the hunting parties of former days, and among other things that of the *curee du soir*, a curious ceremonial, the details of which I have from a high in favor with the Emperor, just returned from a week's stay at the palace. This ceremony takes place at eight o'clock in the evening, when the Emperor's hounds, to the number of several hundred, are assembled in a grand court, and being held in leash by a keeper, with his hunting-whip, and forming a circle, whose centre lies a dead stag, victim of the day's amusement. Behind this circle of the four quadrupeds is assembled the Court; and behind this group of grandeurs, another circle of servants holding torches. On a signal given by the "big huntsman," the keepers let loose the dogs, who spring on their prey, which they devour in an instant.

The speed and *cleanness* with which the dogs devour every vestige of the stag, with the exception of the horns, is most singular, remarked M. ——, in describing the scene. One often sees a soldier destroy in a few minutes and destroying a cannon-ball, so utterly that no trace of it is visible. The action of the dogs is like that of the cannon. Not a vestige of, of bone, of anything, in the case of the unfortunate stag; every thing disappearing, as though by magic, in an instant after the giving of the signal.

I was not a little amused at observing that the gentleman to whom I am indebted for these particulars, kept his eyes nearly closed all through the evening; one would have supposed him to be laboring under an almost complete paralysis of the eyelids. But as the Emperor has an odd habit of keeping his dull, fishy grey eyes very nearly shut whenever he finds himself in the society of his fellow-creatures, this seeming affection of the lids of the literary lion in question is put down under the head of courtly *affectation*, and excites no serious uneasiness among his friends.

From the statements of this gentleman, and of others freely admitted to the Emperor's presence, it would appear that there is really no foundation for the rumors of mental aberration so rife with regard to him. According to these gentlemen the Emperor has repeatedly alluded to these reports, and expressed his astonishment that the public "gullibility" should not, if in need of an excuse, have made more of his rheumatisms, and other admitted physical infirmities, rather than have fixed upon something so entirely wide of the mark.

The freedom with which the English journals have condemned the gambling speculations so rife just now in this country, and the shameful manner in which the Imperial family and those holding the highest offices in the present government are making colossal fortunes there-by, the expressions of disgust the same journals have ventured to express with regard to the building got up by the Empress at Bayonne, and their displeasure and distrust of a *regime* of violence and *espionnage* such as that revealed by the letter of Louis Blanc touching Cayenne, and the facts which are coming out so abundantly all over the country, have roused, it would seem, the ire of the Emperor. It is certain that Russia, who very correctly regards the Anglo-French alliance as the sole and sufficient obstacle to the success of her ambition, is leaving no stone unturned, in any part of the world, to sap the good understanding between the Western Powers. The existence of a new intimacy between Paris and St. Petersburg is generally suspected; and the unhesitating resolve with which Louis Napoleon sacrifices every other consideration to the exigencies of his peculiar policy might lead, at any moment, to a rupture in his relations with England. So generally is this understood here that various remarks, indicative of some such purpose of veering towards the North, are commonly attributed to him! "I have revenged Moscow," he is reported to have said, after the fall of Sebastopol, "*now* for Waterloo!" But these reports, however plausible, should be received with much distrust; and as the Emperor is generally pretty clear sighted on the subject of his own interests, it is possible that public rumor may be mistaken, and that he may be more in earnest than the rest of this volatile nation in the alliance whose maintenance is the best pledge of security and progress for the Old World. The earthquakes which are shaking so many points of our little globe just now, have not spared the rickety nerves of the Tragic Muse, who, as mentioned in a late letter, is gone to Cairo in search of quiet and a warmer winter. When passing through Alexandria, that city was roused, at midnight, by a violent subterranean shock. Everybody rushed from their beds into the public square, Rachel among them. The illustrious tragedian, it appears, had been so horribly startled by the sudden alarm, and the fear that the walls of her sleeping-room were coming down about her ears, that she leaped from her bed, and ran out into the crowd, making her appearance with a face of marble paleness, hair flying in every direction, wild eyes, and her whole person shaking with fear and excitement, and protected by no other garment than her chemise, for she had not retained sufficient presence of mind even to seize a shawl, or one of the coverings of her bed.

But I am leaving myself no room for the piece of news I have to impart to your readers, viz: the fact that I have just been admitted, by a private pass, procured with a special reference to their amusement and edification, into that classic sanctuary of the most admirable taste and the most detestable morals, the deserted *hotel* of the renowned actress in the rue Trudon.

The entrance, protected as usual by folding gates to admit the passage of carriages, is very tastefully ornamented with carved oak panneling, representing the attributes of the Arts, Hunting, &c., and leads into a square court with a fountain in one corner, presided over by a young Triton in plaster, and surrounded with a trellis covered with ivy. The porter's lodge, and the room appropriated to the steward, on the right of the entrance, are literally covered with paintings, and filled with rare and beautiful objects, gifts to the actress. A small carriage-house, harness-room, and other offices, with the entrance to the stables (which are under ground) occupy the ground-floor round the two sides of the court not devoted to ivy. A very beautiful gothic stair-case, surmounted by a lofty dome of stained glass, and lighted by high, narrow windows of the same, leads you, over deliciously thick Turkey carpets, to the *entre-sol*, or low story, common in Parisian houses between the ground-floor and drawing-room story. This *entre-sol* contains a large and very tasteful dining-room, in carved oak, with Etruscan vases and ornaments, and very rich, but very plain candelabra of shining brass. The buffets, &c., and the frescoes on the walls, are admirable. A small room at the bottom of the dining-room is filled with magnificent oaken presses, carved like the etageres and sideboards, for plate and linen. From this, is a slanting passage leading down into the kitchen, a *beautiful* place in its way, with an enormous open fireplace, worthy of some baronial-hall in the olden time, and a capital modern kitchen-dresser, at which might be cooked a supper of Lucullus, occupying one whole side of the room. "Washing up" places, &c., open out of the kitchen.

From the dining-room you pass into an ante-room, carpeted with the same thick Turkey carpets in which the house abounds, and its walls and ceiling covered with silk hangings imitating tapestry. Various pictures hang on the walls, but the room is too dark to enable one to report on the subjects of these paintings. You next enter the *boudoir* of the Muse; hung with glazed calico, shawl-pattern, the colors being creamy and pale red; the curtains and furniture are covered with the same.

A tall bamboo screen, with long, narrow boxes of earth at its base, for climbing flowers, divides this remarkably cosy room into two parts. Within the screen, which forms an elbow, are placed the most luxurious chairs, while, on either side of the fire-place, an interminable sofa has been adapted to the wall, which it follows all round.—A row of lounging-chairs, and a host of rarely beautiful tables, with *etageres* filled with the most costly trifles in old china, &c., render this original apartment as comfortable as it is peculiar. The chairs, some of which are of the most costly make and materials, are covered with old Guipure. The walls are covered with paintings, the paintings and the corners of the room filled with statues and objects of *virtu*; the former all gifts of the artists by whom painted; the latter memontoes of the varied relations of the actress with all classes of society.

Out of the boudoir you pass, by a small room full of objects of art, into the library, very narrow, long, furnished in dark green, and lined with magnificent book-cases of the richest carved oak. The collection of books is very large, and very well chosen; and the room is decorated with crowns and garlands bestowed on the artist by an admiring public.

The floor above contains an ante-room, remarkable for a magnificent chandelier, of Dresden china, representing garlands and baskets of flowers; the saloon, large and lofty (for Paris), whose walls are covered with mouldings in white and gold, with frescoed panels, the furniture being all of crimson silk and gold frames. Magnificent lace performs the office of anti-macassars all over the room. The arrangement of this room is very ingenious; forming little *coteries* all over it, with luxurious fur rugs laid down upon the costly carpet, and delightful lounges and chairs that you see at once would put their occupants into good-humor, and spontaneously develope the "flow of soul," or at least conversation, that forms the main charm of social intercourse.

From the drawing-room you enter a sort of oratory, octagonal, with lofty stained-glass dome; and long windows equally of stained glass, fitted up exclusively with religious pictures, Descents from the Cross, and so on. This room contains an abundance of the same cosy couches, chairs, cushions, &c., which would render it so fit for the residence of an Anglican Bishop.

Out of this shadowy and mysterious room we enter the magnificent bed-room of the great—*artiste*. A gorgeous bed, a sort of palace for size and for splendor, in crimson silk and gold; exquisite pictures, marble busts and statues, objects of *virtu*, and the most *recherche* tables, cheffoniers, consoles, &c., strike the eye at once on entering this room. The walls are in white and gold, and the room is as lofty as the drawing-room. The taste and beauty of the arrangement of this room are really admirable.

Beyond it, you enter Rachel's dressing-room, covered with white and gray oilcloth, on which, when she is there, an astounding carpet of ermine, gift of some princely inamorata, is laid down. Lamps and mirrors abound here; white is the prevailing color of this room, which looks as fresh, as clean, and as *innocent* as an orchard in blossom. Beyond it is the cabinet de toilette, fitted up with all manner of delicate and costly appliances for the work of ablution and beautification. The essence-bottles, &c., are of most classic shapes, and the letter R is cut upon them all.

The two upper stories contain only servants' rooms. Rachel's family have never occupied this hotel, which was built for her by Baron Rothschild. She has one or two other apartments in different parts of Paris, and in the country; and only used this hotel for receptions. It is offered for sale at $50,000; and as several rich people are already in treaty for it, a public sale will probably be avoided. But it is odd to see the very likenesses of her children, her pictures, and other gifts of artists, things which one would imagine she would value too highly to think of selling, ticketed ready for the hammer of the auctioneer.

The steward told us that Mademoiselle Rachel was so much better that great hopes are entertained of her recovery. Her sister Sara is with her; and her children are left in the care of her family in Paris.

Mrs. Browning has just passed through this city on her way to Florence, where she will pass the winter in her favorite abode of the Casa Guidi, which she has immortalized by her last noble poem. Dr. Emily Blackwell, is whose indefatigable and most successful prosecution of her medical studies in Paris and London, I have alluded in previous letters, is on the point of returning to New York, where she will join her sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, of that city.

QUANTUM.

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

The following is the official vote of the States named:

	Fremont	Fillmore	Buchanan
Vermont,	39,993	518	10,577
Connecticut,	42,192	2,473	31,870
Rhode Island,	11,467	1,675	6,680
New York,	273,440	124,208	195,315
New Jersey,	29,201	21,113	45,913
Pennsylvania,	147,448	82,201	230,808
Delaware,	300	6,175	8,000
Maryland,	281	43,482	39,615
Illinois,	96,189	37,451	105,344
Ohio,	187,493	28,125	170,871
Georgia,		42,252	56,416
Louisiana,		19,870	20,709
Indiana,	91,378	22,386	118,672
North Carolina,		30,880	48,846

The full vote of ten States is as follows:

New York,	500,191	Massachusetts	163,000
Pennsylvania,	460,176	Kentucky,	140,000
Ohio,	393,493	Tennessee,	112,000
Illinois,	230,893	Virginia,	140,000
Indiana,	230,000	New Jersey,	100,000

FURNITURE OF PLASTIC COTTON.—At Charleston, S. C., is now being held a mechanical fair, and among the articles exhibited, described by the Charleston Mercury, is a novel and ingenious application of a familiar domestic production to household purposes, by James M. Legare, now of Aiken, South Carolina. The material from which these beautiful frames, chairs and fancy articles are constructed, is obtained at a small expense, and the chemical process to which it is subjected is simple. It is very pliant, and may be moulded or worked by hand. When dry, it becomes hard and durable—qualities which render it particularly useful in elaborate wood carving. In the manufacture of rich furniture, model and decorative work, it is exceedingly valuable. The specimens now on exhibition are of five different kinds. The largest is a plain frame to show the lightness of the material when not in mass. The others are a reading chair, an engraving port-folio, modeled in wood, Emperor Hadrian, style of the Renaissance, and an Illustrative Library Screen. Mr. Legare has had a chair of this material in use at his residence for several years. To Mr. Lawton, the President of the Institute, we are indebted for its first public introduction. While on a visit to Aiken, during the last summer, this gentleman, with the laudable objects of the Institute always uppermost in his thoughts, saw and was at once struck with the utility and beauty of this furniture, and induced Mr. Legare to send a few specimens to the Fair. They are now occupying a conspicuous position, and eliciting general admiration. Mr. Legare offers for sale the entire right to use this invention within the United States or abroad, on or before the first of December next. We trust that it will not be long before he shall have received satisfactory evidence of the generous appreciation in which his ingenious achievements in this line of industry, as well as his past essays in the field of literary effort, are held by his former fellow-citizens.

NEW CALIFORNIA POSTAL ARRANGEMENT.—A simple, but effective system of registration of California letters has been sanctioned by the Post-Office Department. It consists merely in sending to the New York Post-Office a slip of paper upon which is copied the address of the letter you have just deposited in the mail. The slip of paper should be cut to fit an envelope loosely, and must be enclosed, without folding, together with a three-cent postage stamp, in a prepaid envelope, and directed to the "Pacific Mail List," New York Post-Office. The address on the slip of paper thus received at the New York Post-Office will be entered in its appropriate place in the "Pacific Mail List," which list is printed, and, being sent by each mail to each and every Post-Office in California and the Territories of Oregon and Washington, it will point out to those persons whose letters are published therein the Post-Offices to which the letters were sent. The letter itself must be deposited in the mail as usual. The enclosed stamp defrays the cost of publication. Over one hundred and twenty thousand letters sent during the past year to Post-Offices in the Pacific region were never received by the persons for whom they were intended, and consequently became dead letters, causing thereby, doubtless, much anxiety of mind to persons expecting letters from home, and rendering all the care devoted to writing the letters, and the thousands of dollars paid in pre paying postage on the same, so much useless expenditure. If this new arrangement be generally adopted, the number of dead letters, it is supposed, will be considerably lessened.

TWO BRIDEGROOMS TO ONE BRIDE.—A paper at St. Joseph, Missouri, states that recently in that town two young gentlemen were addressing a young belle up town, and that she smiled equally upon both. She finally engaged to marry one on the morning of October 22nd, and the other in the evening, and, strange to say, she kept her word. At 9 o'clock in the morning one bridegroom was made happy in the pledge of her hand and heart, and at 9 in the evening the other was made happy in the presence of her pretty person. They fled at dusk, and were wedded at Bloomington, just twelve miles distant, and continued on their way to realms unknown.

CATERPILLARS have re-appeared above ground, and are now ascending the fruit trees. The present is the favorable time for their extermination.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SECOND SESSION.

Both Houses of Congress convened at Washington on Dec. 1st, at 12 o'clock. All the members of the SENATE were present, except Messrs. Bell of N. H., Bell of Tennessee, Bigge, Butler, Douglas, Houston, Johnson, Jones of Tenn., Mallory, Reid, Sebastian, Sumner, Toombs, Weller and Wright.

The usual committee was appointed to wait on the President, and inform him that a quorum of each House had assembled, and were ready to receive any communication he might be pleased to make.

A similar committee of the House acted in conjunction with that of the Senate, and in each branch report was made that the President would communicate his annual Message to Congress on Dec. 2nd, at 12 o'clock. The Senate then adjourned.

On Dec. 2nd, the Annual Message of the President was received, and read to the Senate. (The Message will be found on our sixth page.)

In the HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES there were about 200 members present.

Messrs. Hodges of Vermont, Garnet of Virginia, Allen and Morrison of Illinois, elected to fill vacancies, were qualified, by taking the oath to support the Constitution.

Mr. Phelps presented the credentials of Mr. Whitfield, Delegate from Kansas, and moved that he be sworn.

The credentials were read, Gov. Geary certifying to the fact that Mr. Whitfield was elected Delegate from Kansas on the first Monday in October.

Mr. Phelps asked that the usual course might be pursued.

Mr. Grow objected, and was about to state the reasons, when

Mr. Phelps said it was known that a vacancy had existed in the representation of Kansas. Mr. Whitfield's credentials had been presented and read, and this entitled him to have the oath administered to him. At the last session the seats of the Delegates from New Mexico, Nebraska and Kansas were contested, but their credentials were received and the oath of office administered to them, severally, without objection being interposed.

Mr. Grow—I objected.

Mr. Phelps—I mean without serious objection. The course proposed to be pursued by the gentleman from Pennsylvania was contrary to precedent, with one exception, and that was an exception to the rule. He referred to the New Jersey contested election.

The Speaker observed that objection being made, it would be the duty of the Chair to submit the question to the House, whether the gentleman from Kansas be sworn in as a delegate.

Mr. Campbell of Ohio, suggested to Mr. Grow, whether, as this is a short session, and there was much unfinished business, it would not be better to allow the matter to pass over, as it did at the last session on a similar occasion. He did not see that anything could thus be lost.

Mr. Grow—I cannot accede to the request.

Mr. Campbell—I have done my duty.

Mr. Grow (in reply to Mr. Phelps) said the course he proposed was not unprecedented, and there was a throng of cases in the books to justify it. In that part of the New Jersey contested election neither set of delegates were admitted, until the Committee on Elections, after two or three months, reported. The House, at the last session, sent a commission to Kansas, to investigate the affairs of that Territory, and after full deliberation, the House decided that no valid election had been held, and hence Mr. Whitfield was ejected from his seat. What change had taken place in the organic act of that Territory since the last session? Its Legislature stands exactly as it did six months ago, when the delegate was rejected. The Legislature was a usurpation, and its acts had been characterized by unprecedented tyranny and unconstitutional wrongs. Its laws were the blackest and most odious to be found among those of despotism. The House was now asked to overturn its decision, and give validity to the tyrannous acts forced on an unwilling people by the arm of the Government being used to shield the invaders of their rights from the neighboring States.

Mr. Phelps said he would at the proper time be ready to defend the validity of the Legislature and the laws of Kansas. At the last session Mr. Whitfield was sworn in, and his credentials referred to the Committee on Elections, who reported adversely to his taking his seat, and in favor of Mr. Reeder. A vacancy was created. Mr. Whitfield was elected to fill that vacancy, and is now here for that purpose; yet the gentleman from Pennsylvania claimed that this question was adjudicated, and decided at the last session. The gentleman, while voting against Mr. Whitfield, assigned as a reason for doing so, that he was elected under an unconstitutional enactment. But he voted for Mr. Reeder to take his seat in the absence of all law.

Mr. Grow explained that he had stated that the people of Kansas were entitled to a representation, and he desired to bestow it in that way which should be most proper under the circumstances.

Mr. Phelps, resuming, said Mr. Grow's position was that the people of Kansas are entitled to a delegate. But who was here to contest the right of Mr. Whitfield? If the gentleman from Pennsylvania was desirous to see them represented, with what sense of justice could he oppose Mr. Whitfield, there being no contestant of his seat? Where was his love for the people of Kansas? The gentleman's course would prevent such representation. Votes were cast for no other person than Mr. Whitfield in October. Let the delegate be sworn in. His credentials can then be referred to the Committee on Elections, and when report is made, the House can act as they believe justice requires.

The question was then taken "Shall Mr. Whitfield be sworn?" and decided in the negative. Yeas 97, nays 104.

Mr. Grow moved a reconsideration of the vote and to lay that motion on the table.

Various unsuccessful motions were made to adjourn, for a call of the House, &c., by the friends of Mr. Whitfield, in order, as was said, to postpone action on Mr. Grow's motion, until the arrival of absentees.

No further business was done. At four o'clock a number of the members paired off, pleading hunger and fatigue. The Sergeant-at-Arms was ordered to arrest the absentees. These he succeeded in bringing before the Bar of the House, were ordered to be discharged from custody on payment of the Sergeant's fees of $2 each. These proceedings continued amidst much merriment till a quarter past 7 o'clock, when the House adjourned.

On Dec. 3rd, the House was engaged on the Whitfield case, and the reading of the President's Message was delayed.

☞ The famous Mr. Amner, going through a street in Windsor, two boys looked out of a one pair of stairs window and cried, "There goes Mr. Amner, the man that makes so many bulls." He hearing them, looked up, saying, "You rascals, I know you well enough, but if I had you here, I'd kick you down stairs."

☞ A sweet country home, with roses and honey suckles trained to climb over; with good taste, intelligence, and beauty within; toil enough to insure health, and leisure enough to court acquaintance with books and the flowers and the loveliness of nature; with peace, plenty, and love; is surely one of the Paradises which heaven has left for the attainment of man.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 232—Adults 81, and children 151.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,

No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady:

	Bid	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct		
" "		
" "		
" "		
Phila 6 pr ct		
" " new		
" "		
Cam City 6 pr ct	90	95
Penn 6 pr ct	74	75
" " coupon	75	75
Allegh city 6 pr ct new		
" " county		
Alla & P R R's	98	97
Penn "		
" "		
" " coupon		
Penn 5 pr ct		
" "		
" " coupon		
Kentucky 6 pr ct		
Penn R R 6 pr ct		
2d m'rt loan '83		
C & Am R R 6 pr ct		
P G & N R R		
Reading R R "		
" "		
H & Lan R R "		
C & M R R "		
Che Val R R "		
Penn R R "		
Phil Wil & Bal		
Sun R R 6 pr ct		
Leeg I R R "		
Sch Nav '82 "		
Lehigh Nav "		
Morris "		
C & D Cl "		
Ches & Del '70"		
Union Canal "		
Will'ms & Elmira		
1st mort "		
" "		
RAILROAD STOCK.		
Cam & Amboy		
Penna		
Bus Meadow		
North Penna		
Phil Ger & Nor		

	Bid	Asked.
Reading		
" preferred		
Mineheill		
Har & Lan		
Chester Valley		
Tioga		
" preferred		
P W & Balt		
Long Island		
CANAL STOCKS.		
Sheyl Nav		
" preferred		
Lehigh Nav		
Alleg'a		
" preferred		
C & Del		
Union		
Sus & Tidewater		
Wil'sport & Elmira		
Catawissa		
BANK STOCK.		
North Amer		
Penna		
Phila'a		
Far & Mec		
Commercial		
" Liberty		
Mechanics		
Southwark		
N Township		
Kensington		
Girard		
Western		
Manuf & Mech		
Commerce		
Tradesman's		
City		
Consolidation		
Union		
M & M Phila		
Ex'ge Phila		
Kentucky		
Northern, Ky		
Louisville, Ky		
Farmers, Ky		
Union, South Tenn		
Plant's, Tenn		
Com & R Vicks		
N O Gas Li		

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,

No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcase	
Rosstng rib, ₩ lb	18 @ —	**Veal.**	
Sirloin steak	14 @ 16	Fore quarter, ₩ lb	8
Rump do	12 @ 14	Hind do	12
Chuck pieces	8 @ 12½	Chop	12
Plates and navels,		Cutlet	14
Corned	6 @ 10	Sweetbread, each	25
Tongues, fresh,	40 @ 50	**Pork.**	
Leg, each,	31½ @ 37½	Young Pigs	62½@1 25
Shin	25 @ 40	Salt and fresh ₩	10 @ 12½
Kidney	8 @ 12½	Feet, ₩ set	12½@ —
Liver ₩ lb	6½	Trips, ₩ lb	4 @ 6
Dried Beef ₩ lb	20	Lard do	12 @ 13
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12@13
Fore quarter	75 @ 87	Bologna Sausage	12@ —
Hind do	1 00 @1 12	New Sausage, ₩ lb	14 @ 16
Chop ₩ lb	0 @ —	Puddings ₩ lb	10 @ —
Calves' Head, each	25 @ 31	Scrapple ₩ lb	8 @ —
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₩ lb	12
Leg, Loin, Chop, ₩ lb	0 @ 10	Tender Loin ₩ lb	16 @ 18½
Breast and Neck	6 @ 8	Hogshead Cheese lb	10

VEGETABLES.

Tomat'e basket	50 @ 62½	Corn p'toes bu	62½@ 75
do bf pk	12½@ 14	do bbl	37½@ 50
String Beans qt	10 @ 12	do bf pk	6 @ 12
do bf pk	12½	Sw't p'toes bkt	50 @ 62½
Squashes doz	20 @ 25	do bf pk	6 @ 10
Turnips bkt	12½@ 20	Onions bus	87½@ 1 00
do bf pk	6 @ 8	do bf pk	18½@ 25
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	Corn'ds	45 @ 50
Cabbage hd	87½@ 1 00	do doz	12½@ 18½
do h'd	5 @ 8	Lima Beans qt	10 @ 12½
Celery bunch	4 @ 6	Carrots doz	12½
Salad bowl	2 @ 4	Peppers bkt	31½@ 37½
Egg Plts each	5 @ 8	Peas bf pk	25
Pickles bkt	31½@ 37½		

FRUIT.

Quinces bkt	1 00 @1 50	Chestnuts qt	12½@ —
do bf pk	25 @ 37½	do bush	2 25 @ 4 00
Cranberries qt	12½	Peach bkt	50 @ 1 50
Apples ₩ bkt	62½@ 1 12½	do bf pk	10 @ 50
do bf pk	12½ @ 25		

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ea	87½@2 00	Black do	75 @1 00
Ducks tame pr	75 @1 25	Blue Wing Teal pr	75 @1 00
Chickens ea pr	37½@ 62½	Green Wing do	50 @ 62½
old do	62½@1 00	Woodcock pr	87 @1 00
Sole Pig'ns pr	25 @ 31¼	Rabbits pr	15 @ 25
Wild Pig'ns doz	1 00 @1 25	Squirrels each	12½@ —
Partridges pr	75 @1 00	Bear Meat lb	12½@ 25
Pheasants pr	1 25 @1 50	Venison lb	15 @ 18½
Canvas-backs	2 00 @2 50	Frogs doz	25 @ 50
Red Heads pr	75 @ 87½		

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin (Southern) doz	$7 00@10 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Chas & Del)	10 00@18 00	₩ bbl	37½@ 50
Lobsters lb	12½@ 15	do ₩ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	2 00 @2 50	M. Rye Cove M	2 50 @3 00
		N. Y. do ₩ bbl	3 00 @4 00

FISH.

Halibut lb	10 @ 12½	Rock	12½@ 18
Hose	7 @ 8	Perch, bunch	12½@ 25
Porgies	6 @ 8	Pickerel	6 @ 12½
Flounders	6 @ 8	Eels	6 @ 8
Cod	5 @ 6	Salt Shad lb	12
Black fish	8	" Mackerel	12
Sturgeon	4 @ 6	Dry Cod	4 @ 6
Sunfish	— @ 20	Sm'kd Herring bunch	6d
White Fish	— @ 12½		

MISCELLANEOUS.

Butter lb	31½@ 33	Honey lb	20 @ 25
Lard do	25 @ 31	Apple Butter qt	12½@ —
Eggs doz	31 @ 31½	Pumpkins ea	4 @ 25
Sweetcake, cake	3		

Meats of all kinds are plenty and prices about the same. Poultry is also very abundant and sells at rather lower figures, but Game continues scarce and high. In Fish there is no change, and the markets are well supplied with most kinds. Vegetables are getting scarce, except those usual at this season, and bring fair prices. Apples and Pears are getting scarce and high. Butter and Eggs also keep up.

NEW YORK MARKET.

FLOUR—The demand for Western Canal Flour is moderate, owing to the storm, but holders are firm, as the arrivals are not very large for the season. The inquiry has been confined to the home trade, and to fair to good brands of Ohio, at $6,75@7,12½ for common to fair extra Ohio; $7,12½@7,25 for good to choice do; $7,25@7,37½ for fair to good extra do; $7,37½@7,50 for choice do; $7,50@7,75 for common to fair extra Indiana and Ohio; $7,75@8,12½ for common to fair extra Ohio; $8,12½@8,50 for fair to very choice do; $8,50@8,75 for St. Louis brands; and $7,43@8,50 for extra Genesee.

Canadian Flour is inactive at $7,87½ for extra brands, and Southern Flour is without important variation; the demand is moderate and the arrivals light. Sales of 1,000 bbls at $6,75@7,25 for mixed to good superfine Baltimore, Alexandria, &c., and $7,75@8 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is rather firmer, the inquiry is fair. Sales of 150 bbls at $5,25@5,37½ for fine and extra. Corn Meal is quiet at $3,37½@3,43 for Jersey Buckwheat Flour is firm at $2,25@2,43 per bbl.

GRAIN—Red Genesee Wheat are firm; the demand is good for shipping, and choice parcels are in better. The sales are 5m bus common red Southern at $1,48; 30m bus fair red Illinois at $1,50; 15,000 bus Milwaukee club at $1,50; 2,500 bus fair to good white Genesee at $1,57½@1,58; 3,000 bus good to choice white Canadian at $1,70@1,74; and 4,000 bus Chicago spring at $1,32. Rye is firm, but quiet, at 86c. Barley is nearly at $1,20@1,27. Oats are in limited demand at 45@47 for State, and 48@50 for Western. Corn is inactive, and prices are nominally the same as last quoted, say 71@72c for Southern mixed, 73c for Western do, and 76@77c for Southern white and yellow.

HIDES—We have to report no change in the market; little is doing owing to the small stock here and the unpleasant weather. No fresh Ayres here, and the stock does not exceed 10,000, including 6½ Angostura, 900 Rio Grande cow and kip, 1500 Chagres, 1000 Savanilla, 450 Singapore, and 1500 Southern and West India.

LEATHER—Wears a very quiet aspect. Thanksgiving week at the East, and the inclement weather combine to make this one of the dullest days of the season. Small sales are making to the local trade at 20@22c for best light and middle Hemlock, and 28@30c for Augustura.

COFFEE—The demand has been trivial; holders are not disposed to press sales; sales of 1m bgs Rio at 10c.

SUGARS are very quiet, the inclement weather having an unfavorable effect upon business; sales of 100 hhds Cuba at 8½@9c.

MOLASSES—The demand is small without change in prices; sales of 50 hhds Cuba Muscovado at 33c.

RICE—Is dull. Loaded in the market is less animated, but closes steady and buoyant at 5½@6 cents. Most of the lots pressing on the market have been disposed of, and the strong-holders are not disposed to make any further concessions. American is also quiet; sales of 500 cailons at 35@38 cents, in casks and bbls. Crude Whale, owing to rather unfavorable weather for the market, remains dull, but holders are waiting fixed, to deal with more firmness. This intelligence, however, is indefinite, and probably needs confirmation. Crude Sperm is heavy and the tendency is still toward easier rates. We note further sales of two small lots at $1,25 ₩ gallon. Manufactured oils are steady and in very moderate demand. Lard oil is firmly held at 90@94, 4 months, as to quality. Olive commands $1,25@$3,37½ for qua-ris, and $1,25@1,37½ for pints. Red oil sells slowly at 65@70 cents, cash and 4 months, the latter rate for prime Western.

SEEDS—The market remains dull, but holders are not willing to accept any material reduction. We quote at 80@85c for ordinary to good Ist sorts; choice would probably bring 10c.

WHISKEY—The market is lower with more offering. Sales of 400 bbls at 30@31c.

PROVISIONS—The market is firmer, the demand fair for Mess Pork, and sales of a few hundred bbls for Prime Mess now held higher, $19@19,25 for new Mess, and $17,50 for new Prime. Prime Mess is nominal. Beef is quite firm, and in good request for the trade. The arrivals are moderate. Sales of 300 bbls at $6,87½@7,25 for country Prime; $8,75@9 for old do Mess; $9,25@9,50 for repacked Western Mess, old, and $10@10,50 for new repacked do. Prime Mess Beef is dull and nominal. Hams are in fair demand at 10c, for long and short middles. Cut meats are quiet at 10@10½ for Hams. Lard is buoyant; the arrivals are light; and the stock is small. Sales of 200 bbls and tierces at 12½@12¾, butter in good demand at 24@30 for State, and 18@22c. for Ohio. Cheese is in fair request at 10@10½c.

FISH—The market for nearly all descriptions continues dull. Dry Cod sells slowly at $3,62½ for small Western Bank, and $3,75 for large do; large Marblehead are worth $3,75@3,88, and St. George's $4,37½@4. Mackerel are inactive at $9,25@9,— for No 1, $7,25@7,50 for No 2, and $6@6,25 for No 3. Pickled Herring are in better supply, and prices are a trifle easier

GLANCES AT MY LAST CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC SURVEYING AND EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

"We Visit the Coal Strata."

The morning after letting go our anchor under Shag Rock, we "called all hands" bright and early, and sent Le Tailleur, our chief engineer, with his twelve firemen and coal heavers to attack the coal with pick and shovel, and to pronounce upon its quality.

He had orders to continue digging if he found it adapted to our furnaces, while the first lieutenant, himself, was ordered to have the bags and boats in readiness to bring it on board as it was dug out by the shore party. Now, this was going to work without delay, but as the first day would be likely to pass before they could get out enough to make it worth while to commence the transportation, several of us took advantage of the unexpected holiday to shoulder our guns and take a boat for the coal strata, which we proposed examining first, and then starting back into the country for a bear hunt as soon as our curiosity should be satisfied.

The wind was blowing quite fresh from seaward as we started, a heavy swell was also setting in through the channel which we had to cross, and the tide was falling so rapidly, that we feared grounding inside of the hook before we should be able to reach the landing. It was quite cold, too, the air being down as low as 45 deg. far., and the water at about 58 deg., so that it would have been anything but comfortable to have grounded near the middle of the extensive mud flat, and found ourselves under the necessity of wading on shore, or remaining in the boat with the retreating water breaking over us, and the freshening breeze blowing it through our clothes and chilling us through for several hours. Nevertheless this unpleasant alternative proved to be in store for us, and we only escaped it through the generosity of the boat's crew, who insisted upon jumping out as soon as we struck, thus lightening the boat greatly, and wading her up to the nearest point of the beach. When we had thus reached the dry land, however, they paid severely for their kindness in the shape of several severe cases of chills, which the doctor at once took in hand with professional activity, and "knocked spots out of" at the time. Being debarred access to his medicine chest by a mile or more of salt water, he handed a bottle of brandy out of his pocket, and having divided it into six doses, told them to "drink that," after which they expressed themselves considerably "warmed up," and when we reached the blazing coal-fire which Le Tailleur had already got underway, we might have been said to have been in better condition than when we started.

Upon looking around us, we noticed three or four coal strata, instead of one only, and found also that they were quite extensive. They were from eighteen inches to three feet in width, ran at an inclination of about forty five degrees with the surface of the sea, in a north-west and south-east direction, which was about parallel with the trend of the valleys, and passed entirely through the promontory. This latter was from three to four hundred feet in height, was possessed of very steep and precipitous sides, and was reared upon several most singular formations. There was felspar, argillaceous iron ore, and a kind of secondary sandstone, a petrifaction evidently, for it existed in every stage of hardness. It was to be found all along the beach in the shape of perfectly round balls of about the size of an orange, as well as in huge, shapeless, fragments of rock. Some of these balls were so soft as to flatten easily under the foot like potter's clay, while others were as hard as granite. These latter, if thrown forcibly against a large rock (all of which rocks were as hard as granite) would rebound with the elasticity of a billiard ball, or shatter into a dozen fragments, and in the latter case they were invariably found to contain petrified clams, oysters, various other marine shells, and the *impressions* of a great number of ferns and other plants, many of which latter seemed no longer to grow on the hill-sides; at least I could not find any.

As for the shells of the clams and oysters, they were generally speaking perfect, they seemed to have become filled with earth, and then to have been gradually encrusted with it until they were perfectly round. In those which flattened under the foot, we could seldom find shells, the half decayed leaves and stems of plants being found to form most of their centres, around which, snow-ball like, the outer coatings seemed to collect *as they rolled*—but how it was that they were rolled (unless by the ebbing and flowing tide) we could never imagine. It was singular to break open some of these hard, cannon-like balls, and find oysters and clams inside of them, while there was not at the time to be found living specimens within miles of the spot. In fact we never met with oysters along the whole coast. But the thing which surprised us most, was the existence, in spots, of a greasy kind of clay, the like of which I had never before read of or seen. Walking along the beach one would put his foot on what was apparently the back-bone of a bed of dark gray granite or sand-stone, when, presto! instead of feeling a solid rock under his foot, he would find himself boot top under, and upon being assisted to haul his leg out, he would either leave his boot behind or drag it out besmeared with a greasy paste, just for all the world as if he had stepped into a tub of soft-soap. It acted the part of a boot-jack for us more than once, and with admirable success.

In some places this singular substance ran from the mountain's side just like so much fat, not in a stream, for its consistency was too great to admit of flowing, but we often found basins of it that had apparently *soaked through the earth*, and which was so thin as to admit readily of being stirred with a stick. In other places it was found in a more dense state, and in this latter stage it often proved a great drawback to us in our mining operations, for as it generally existed in layers over and between the strata of coal, we had to dig it away with shovels before we could get at this latter. It was so sticky that it often refused to leave the shovel, and the men complained greatly of its straining their arms. One man who attempted to heave a shovelfull of it down the hill side, while his footing was none of the firmest, had it stick to such an extent, as to carry him down, shovel and all, upon the boggy pile, where he stuck horizontally upon all fours, until some of his fellow-shovellers hauled him out. And there were two others who resorted to a "clinch" as the readiest mode of reconciling a difference of opinion, when the weaker party, falling upon his back with the clay under him, and his antagonist on top, was left in that position by his now satisfied foe, without the most remote prospect of ever getting up again through his own unaided exertions. He might just as well have been tied down, as was the great Gulliver, for even his hair stuck so fast that he could not lift up his head; all that he could do was to roll his eyes about and use his lungs. Upon being assisted to his feet, he was heard to express himself against "clinchin'" as the best mode of settling a dispute.

Before leaving, I rolled up a ball of the singular substance, intending to preserve it for future analysation, but unfortunately lost the run of it before an opportunity presented itself. This ball, which was at first of about the consistency of working putty, soon became as hard as soapstone, and susceptible of receiving quite a polish. It was of the color of a yellowish white clay, and without odor.

The general formation of the promontory was of sandstone of several different varieties. Along the beach, and projecting from the side of the cliffs, it was to be seen in the shape of huge boulders, or pointed fragments, that had become blackened through the combined action of time and the elements, and rendered as hard as granite, while in the beds of the ravines and gullies it was found in a secondary state, so soft that the water, in running over it, loosened the minute particles and carrying them along in the suspension, rendered itself totally unfit for either bathing or drinking purposes. Catch a cup full of it as it fell clear and sparkling in the shape of a picturesque-looking cascade, and before it was sufficiently settled to be drank, there would have collected a teaspoonful of a greasy, paste-like sediment in the bottom; and when we once went to take a refreshing shower-bath, as we flattered ourselves, under said "picturesque cascade," it filled our eyes, ears and hair to such an extent, that we were glad to take a dip into the less promising surf, that was rolling at our feet.

The soil which existed on this sandstone as a base, was of a loose, sandy nature, and was sprinkled about quite liberally with patches of the "boot-jack clay," which rendered running, leaping and jumping along the mountain side anything but comfortable. We soon learned, however, to detect the presence of "a bog," as they soon came to be called, and to guide our steps accordingly. These patches, *on the hill-sides*, no where else, almost invariably supported a hoar-frost-like growth, which, seeing nowhere else, we had but to *walk around*, and keep on firm ground. Having no such warning along the beach, however, we did not fare so well. There it not only came up in the shape of a ridge of rock, as I have already observed, but it also existed in the shape of quicksand. That is, the beach would look all alike as you walked over it, when suddenly you would feel the advancing foot sink, while the rear one was still on hard sand. Then if you did not recover yourself quick enough, you would soon be "boot-top under." I myself once "got my foot into it" so deep, that in bracing myself upon the other to haul out by, the edge of the hard sand that supported me caved in, and left me knee deep, with a very small prospect of getting out without some foreign help. I could haul either foot *half-way* out easily enough, but the angle made by the lower and upper parts of my legs (the knee being the vertex) would then become so small as to deprive me of the power of lifting it higher, and when I attempted to bear my weight on either to haul up the other, I only worked down deeper.

I was glad enough when a couple of strong arms lifted me bodily out, minus one boot, and after thanking my stalwart friend, laid myself flat upon the hard part of the beach, and shoved my arm down after the missing article, which, singular to say, I hauled out perfectly empty; it had collapsed as soon as my foot had left it, and so all that I had to do was to haul it quietly on, *and walk more carefully in future.*

As soon as I had stamped my foot well down into the softened leather, and scraped off a pound or more of the adhering patent bootjack mixture, I took a long stick and shoved it down the half-filled hole from which I had rescued my boot, to see how far I *might* have sunk, had not a "friend in need" been at hand; it had gone down only about two feet, when I felt rock, or some other hard substance; and we subsequently found that these "patches" seldom extended to a greater depth, so that, though considerable inconvenient, they were not at all dangerous. I hope to devote my next letter to an account of the village, and to the people who moved, and lived, and had their being in it.

* On what felt to us like a warm day after our long tramp, although the thermometer was at 35 degrees. Sailors have a strange fancy for bathing, no matter what the temperature, when they see *fresh water being wasted*, as it seems like

A Novel Writer's Sympathy.—The following anecdote of Eugene Sue, author of the "Mysteries of Paris," and other popular French novels, is from a Paris correspondent of one of the Boston papers:—

Not many months since, Sue used to visit almost daily, one of the most fashionable ladies in Paris, Madame de D———, and hold forth in her richly furnished boudoir on the condition of the poor.

"Do you ever relieve their distress?" asked Madame de D———, at the close of one of these harangues.

"To a trifling extent," answered Sue; "but though my griefs are small, they are always cheerfully bestowed. I give one-fourth of my income in alms."

That afternoon as he left the Cafe de Paris, where he had been eating a costly dinner, an apparently old woman, clad in rags, prayed for charity.

"Go away," was the stern reply.

"But I am starving; give me a single copper to purchase bread with!"

"I will give you in charge of a police officer, if you thus annoy me."

"You will!" said the beggar, "and yet Monsieur Eugene Sue, you are the man who writes about the misery of the poor; you are the workingman's champion; you are."

"Who are you!" exclaimed Sue.

"Madame de D———," was the reply; and the distinguished lady stepped into her carriage, which was in waiting, leaving the novelist to his reflections.

Proper Proportions of the American Flag.—The standard of the U. S. army is fixed at six feet six inches, by four feet four inches; the number of stripes is thirteen, viz.: seven red and six white. It will be perceived that the flag is just one-half longer than it is broad, and that its proportions are perfect when properly carried out. The first stripe at the top is red, the next white, and so down alternately which makes the last red. The blue "field" for the stars is the width and square of the first seven stripes, viz.: four red and three white. These stripes extend from the side of the "field" to the extremity of the flag. The next stripe is white, extending the entire length of it, and directly under the field, in strong and pleasant relief, then follow the remaining stripes alternatively. The number of stars on the field is now thirty-one, and the army and navy immediately add another star on the admission of a new State in our glorious Union.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN

'Tis a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be;
The roar of the storm is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full, but her silver light
The storm dashes out with his wings to-night;
And o'er the sky, from south to north,
Not a star is seen as the winds come forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

All day the snow came down—all day—
As it never came down before.
And over the earth at night there lay
Some two or three feet or more.
The fences was lost, and the wall of stone;
The windows blocked and the well-curb gone;
The haystack grown to a mountain lift;
And the wood-pile looked like a monster drift
As it lay at the farmer's door.

As the night set in, came hail and snow,
And the air grew sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a sullen blow
Was heard on the distant hill;
And the Norther! see! on the mountain peak,
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek!
He shouts along the plain, ho, ho!
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will!

Such a night as this to be found abroad
In the snow and the stinging air!
A shivering dog, in the field by the road,
When the hail through his shaggy hair,
The wind drives hard, doth crouch and growl,
And shut his eyes with a dismal howl,
Then to shield himself from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet.
Pray, what does the dog do there?

His master came from the town to-night,
And lost the travelled way;
And for hours he toil with main and might
A path for his horse and sleigh;
But deeper still the snow drifts grew,
And colder still the fierce wind blew;
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last o'er a log had floundered down,
That deep in a huge drift lay.

Many a plunge, with a frenzied snort,
She made in the heavy snow;
And her master strove till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow;
But the snow was deep and the logs were tight,
His hands were numbed, and had lost their might;
So he struggled back to his sleigh again,
And strove to shelter himself in vain,
With his coat and his buffalo.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein
To rouse up his dying steed;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
He strives for a while a wistful eye
To catch but a glance from his heavy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude wind flap
The skirts of his coat across his lap,
And whines that he takes no heed.

The wind goes down; the storm is o'er;
'Tis the hour of midnight past;
The forest writhes and bends no more
In the rush of the mighty blast.
The moon looks out with a silver light
On the high old hills, with the snow all white;
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump
Of ledge, and tree, and ghostly stump,
On the silent plain are cast.

But these are they—by the hidden log—
Who came that night from the town—
All dead! the man and his faithful dog,
And his beautiful Morgan brown!
He sits in his sleigh—his face is bland—
With his cap on head, and the reins in his hand;
The dog with his head on his master's feet,
And the horse half seen through the crusted sleet,
Where she lay when she floundered down!

The Asperities of the Ants.—One day I went out to my wood-pile, or rather pile of *stumps*, and I observed two large *ants*, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with each other. Having once got hold, they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such ants, that it was not a duel, but a battle, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones against one black. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely.

I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and, through all the tumblings on that field, never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of the feelers near the root, while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and as I saw, on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill side of the valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had dispatched his foe or had not taken part in the battle. Probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs. He saw the unequal combat from afar, for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the reds; he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then seizing his opportunity, he sprung upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the foot of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members. I took the chip on which the three were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill in order to await the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed the remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half-an-hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever; and as he was endeavoring, with fearful struggles, being without feelers, and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many wounds, to divest himself of them, which at length, after half-an-hour more, he accomplished, I raised the glass, and he walked over the window-sill in that crippled state. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war.—*Thoreau's Walden.*

The Force of Custom.—A young soldier of the 18th Royal Irish, named McDonnell, a native of Dublin, was blown to atoms before Sebastopol. A few days before the regiment was removed to the camp at Curragh, our young hero's widowed mother had his medal with four clasps presented to her, the only relic of her only son. In the course of the evening the poor woman, in the height of her grief and natural affection, "laid out" the medal on the kitchen-table, and having procured four mould candles and several quarts of whiskey, she collected her neighbors, and kept up the "wake" until an early hour the following morning.

REASON AND INSTINCT OF ANIMALS

BY THE HON. GRANTLEY BERKELEY.

We are puzzled to account for scent, or the power of tracing things by nose, or to set it down as a mere smell, for this reason—a hound will thrust his nose into and cover his lips with all sorts of fœtid carrion by the roadside, till the refuse matter with which he is externally and internally laden taints the surrounding air, and is so perceptible to man that the nose of man is disgusted. In this fœtid state the hound will hunt out and trace at speed the footstep or scent of a hare, but which hare, even if the man goes to the form she has been sleeping in and has just left warm from the pressure of her limbs, cannot in the remotest degree be smelt by him. Scent, therefore, is not, merely, a smell; if it was, it must be interfered with by scents of a different nature, and of infinitely greater power. What the fact is, then, that serves the hound must be a mystery, and the capability of tracing it evidently arises from the more peculiar gifts than are generally supposed.

Now, suppose we take an otter recently killed: man can discover very little, if any smell arising from the beautiful fur and form of that creature; while if you take a fox that is recently killed the smell of that animal is very strong—so much so, that the hand of man will be tainted by its mere touch; yet to the hound the scent of the fox (to man apparently) scentless animal, the otter, is tenfold stronger and more capable of detection than is the smell of the absolutely stinking animal, the fox. Therefore, the line left by creatures, enabling the hound in some weathers to follow it at the top of his speed, must be a gift of nature more mysterious than the simple act of smelling. It undoubtedly is a power imbibed through the organs of the nose; but to what that power extends, at present, we have no means of judging.

A question has often arisen in my mind as to whether the scent, or line of trace, left by an animal, arises from the breath or simply from the foot, or whether it comes from sources of combination. The breath of an animal enables a hound to hunt and speak to its presence or to its whereabout, as proved by the bubbles or chain of the otter arising, when the animal is ten feet and upwards below the surface of the water.

The foot or slot of a deer holds a scent in itself, as proved by the bloodhound Druid. When on very stale "slots," he slightly disturbs the crust of the impression purposely with his paw, to assist him in ascertaining its freshness. The breath and the foot of an animal combined have certainly, therefore, to do with the power derived by the hound; but, in my opinion, there is some other adjunct and occult principle, which has not yet been ascertained. This fact is established, that the strongest smelling animals, those emitting taints to the air quite evident to man, are not the animals the strongest or sweetest in the olfactory organs of the hound. That the scent floats on the air is proved by pointers and setters winding feathered game at a long distance, and when the wind serves him, by Druid's going straight up to a deer at a gallop, who is lying in a lair a mile off; also by foxhounds running a fox, or by hounds running a deer, shut out from their sight by a thick hedgerow, and from whose footsteps they are absolutely divided. The organ of detection through the olfactory nerves enables a dog to trace his master among a million men; therefore there must be some other attribute than the simple act of smelling: for though there are different degrees of smells, and, so to speak, some men are infinitely sweeter than others, still the taint is much the same, and to man sufficiently remarkable to serve as a guide to detection. Again, the fact of a "drag" before hounds, whence there is no living principle of breath, proves that hounds will run a mere stench: so I repeat there is no possibility of *defining* what it is that induces or enables the hound to follow that which, living or dead, he has thus the power of pursuing.

As a further proof of the inexplicable nature of scent, and the power of appreciation and mental observation in the dog, though the tale is told in my "Reminiscences of a Huntsman," I must here refer to it again. I had killed a doe in the New Forest, and having executed that warrant, the keeper, leaving the venison on the heather, went for his cart, while I beat the surrounding hills for rabbits or woodcocks. A Scottish gazehound, used to deer, was with me, also my terriers, and my retriever Tramp, who was a cross between the setter and Newfoundland dog, which for retrieving is perhaps the best cross of all.—On coming to a high point of land, commanding the position of the dead deer, I missed her, when, knowing that the cart had not yet arrived, I sent a servant to ascertain if the venison was really gone, or only hidden from my sight by some intervening obstacle. If it was gone, the man was to hold up his hat. On his arrival at the spot, that signal was given, and on my hastening up it was evident to me that the deer had been dragged into some high furze, then lifted up and carried bodily away. More than an hour might have passed since the robbery, and from the highest ground to which we could attain, not a soul was in sight. I had two or three men with me utterly strange to my dogs, woodmen of the forest, and these I sent in different directions, so that there were three or more lines of footsteps, all tainted with the blood of the deer, the individual scent of each being unknown to my dogs, and the lines by which these men left me crossing each other. Left alone, and in great indignation, I appealed to the well-known sagacity of the dog, and tried to induce the deer greyhound to trace the robbers, in vain. All he did was to go back to the bloody spot where the deer had lain, and then to give up all further search. At last, my retriever, Tramp, who had never hunted a man or a deer in his life, left my heels, looked up in my face, and said, as plain as a dog could speak, that he understood all about it, and would assist me. His look is impressed on me at this moment, though he is no more, his head having been severed from his body by the wheel of a railway carriage. Tramp, having thus taken the matter in hand, *and looked hard at me to see if I comprehended him*, trotted on just *for* all the world like a mad dog, nose and stern down, and in a totally different mood and method from those in which he followed game. I watched and followed, and in dread of failure, saw that he kept on the line of my own men; but my delight may be imagined when I saw him check at where the lines diverged, and take up a line about which I knew nothing. With a look to see that I attended, he went on to the railway, and then, before he jumped upon the line, he came to a check.—After puzzling for some time, and stopping to contemplate me, as if to consult me, he took up the running down the outside of the line towards where three plate-layers were at work; but before he got to them, or even half-way to them, he again checked, looked wistfully at me, and returned to the spot where he was sure, and then, hesitating no longer, he jumped on and crossed the line; when, as I crept through the wires after him, I saw that *he actually trod in the footprints of a man*; and that, though that footstep was smaller than the one crossing the line with it, it sunk more deeply into the sand, indicating that the owner of that step was the heaviest, not by his size, but from the burden he carried. On and over the line we went, up a ditch and over the heath, and away to some high furze, into which Tramp disappeared. My run, by this time, laden with rifle and shot gun, belts and balls, as I was, had put me out of breath, and Tramp was considerably ahead; so before I reached the furze, I beheld him come out of it, to see if I was advancing, and then when he saw me he testified a sort of triumph in his manner, by leading up and wagging his stern, and then he dashed into the furze again. Redoubling my panting speed, I soon entered the brake, and there found my splendid benefactor in full possession of the dead deer, which had been thrown down, while the villains escaped into the adjacent cottages of Burley.

Now, having related this fact as shortly as possible, the tale having been told more minutely before, what a field for conjecture as to the nature of scent, or power of tracing and appreciating in a dog, it lays before us! Tramp knew, among strange footsteps, all more or less tainted with the deer, which was the footstep of the man who carried on his back the venison. The deer had been bled when killed, and when she was stolen, her throat was tied up with handkerchiefs to prevent the dress of the man who carried her from being stained. The check at the railway arose from the fact that on that spot the man laid the deer down, while he walked to three plate-layers, to offer them a share of the meat if they would say nothing about it. The absence of the deer from his shoulders was known to Tramp before he had proceeded half-way to the plate-layers; and he returned and took up the line where the deer had again been raised. The plate-layers turned evidence; and through them I found out all about Tramp's perfection. The two thieves were taken and consigned to jail.

With facts such as these, it is impossible to define the nature of scent and the power possessed by the canine race of pursuing and discriminating between the footsteps of men, even as to who it is that bears a burthen, when the steps of other men are tainted with the blood and aroma of the burden he carries. It is, and must remain, a mysterious quality assigned to creatures that is beyond the power of successful investigation.—*London Field.*

Artificial Ice.—Philosopher Meriam, of Brooklyn Heights, has been to Cuyahoga, New York, to witness the operation of the machine for manufacturing ice. His genius is essentially that of a *quid nunc*, and he must see with his own eyes. He appears to have been satisfied, if we may judge from the report published. The trial took place at the locomotive establishment of the proprietor of the machine. The huge engine of the works was in operation, and the apparatus was speedily set to work. In less than an hour the mercury in the thermometer within the apparatus was reduced from 53 degrees above zero, to 24 degrees below that point. Mr. Meriam then cut an apple in two pieces, and placed it outside the pipes, and he says that in a few minutes it was frozen hard. A copper vessel was placed alongside of it, and on the same pipe, and filled with water, which was, in a brief period, converted into solid ice. Water dropped upon the pipes was instantly congealed. Mr. Meriam states that the machine in its present condition, is arranged to manufacture a ton of ice at a single operation. He describes the operation as follows:

A square cistern with a double wall, has the space between the two walls, say about one foot, filled with pulverized charcoal; inside of the inner wall, are six rows, each row containing twelve cast iron *freezers*, each capable of holding as much water as will make thirty pounds of ice; each freezer has a depth of twelve inches, and the length is the same as the depth, and the width six inches. A flange or rim of half an inch extends around the four sides of the freezer, and upon this the freezer is suspended by rectives or bars running at right angles. The flanges thus arrayed separate the freezers, forming a flue between each of one inch width. A flue of equal thickness extends under the bottom. The steam engine connects with an air-pump which is made to exhaust the atmosphere from these flues, and as soon as a perfect vacuum is produced a current of ether is made to pass through these flues and continued till all the water in the freezers is converted to solid ice.

This is the whole process—as simple as it is ingenious and satisfactory.

The expense of making ice by this machine is reported to be small, and on a large scale, it is said, it can be worked at an expense not exceeding $3 per ton.

The Old Man and the Doctor.—An old man complained to the doctor of bad digestion. "Oh, lot bad digestion alone," said the doctor, "for it is one of the concomitants of old age." He then stated his weakness of sight. "Don't meddle with weakness of sight," said the doctor, "for that also is one of the concomitants of old age." He complained to him of a difficulty of hearing. "Alas, how distant is hearing," said the doctor, "from old men!—difficulty of hearing is a steady concomitant of old age." He complained to him of want of sleep. "How widely separated," said the doctor, "are sleep and old men, for want of sleep is certainly a concomitant of old age." He complained to him of a decrease in bodily vigor. "This is an evil," said the doctor, "that soon hastens on old men, for want of vigor is a necessary concomitant of old age." The old men (unable to keep his patience any longer) called out to his companions: "Seize upon the hooby! lay hold of the blockhead! drag along the ignorant idiot! that dolt of a doctor, who understands nothing, and who has nothing to distinguish him from a parrot but the human figure, with his concomitants of old age, forsooth, the only words he seems capable of uttering!" The doctor smiled and said: "Come, my old boy, get into a passion, for this, also, is a concomitant of old age!"—*Afghan Grammar.*

Washington in Congress.—The following anecdote of the late Gov. Jay, one of the purest and most illustrious statesmen, is furnished to us by his son, Judge Jay:

"Shortly after the death of John Adams, I was sitting at home with my father, conversing about the American Revolution. Suddenly he remarked—'Ah, William, the history of that Revolution will never be known. Nobody now alive knows it but John Adams and myself.' Surprised at such a declaration, I asked him to what he referred? He briefly replied—'The proceedings of the old Congress.' Again I inquired what proceedings? He answered—'Those against Washington; from first to last there was a most bitter party against him.'"

As the old Congress always sat with closed doors, the public knew no more of what passed within, than what is deemed expedient to disclose.—*Irving.*

MR. JEFFERSON'S ACCOUNT OF PATRICK HENRY.

Patrick Henry was originally a bar-keeper. He was married very young, and going into some business, on his own account, was a bankrupt before the year was out. When I was about the age of fifteen, I left the school here, to go to the college at Williamsburg. I stopped a few days at a friend's in the county of Louisa. There I first saw and became acquainted with Patrick Henry. Having spent the Christmas holidays there, I proceeded to Williamsburg. Some question arose about my admission, as my preparatory studies had not been pursued at the school connected with that institution. This delayed my admission about a fortnight, at which time Henry appeared in Williamsburg, and applied for a license to practice law, having commenced the study of it at or subsequently to the time of my meeting him in Louisa. There were four examiners, Wythe, Pendleton, Peyton Randolph, and John Randolph. Wythe and Pendleton at once rejected his application.

The two Randolphs, by his importunity, were prevailed upon to sign the license; and having obtained their signatures, he applied again to Pendleton, and after much entreaty and many promises of future study, succeeded in obtaining his. He then turned out for a practising lawyer. The first case which brought him into notice was a contested election, in which he appeared as counsel before a Committee of the House of Burgesses. His second was the Parsons cause, already known. These and similar efforts soon obtained for him so much reputation, that he was elected a member of the Legislature. He was as well suited to the times as any man ever was, and it is not now easy to say what we should have done without Patrick Henry. He was far before all in maintaining the spirit of the Revolution.

His influence was most extensive with the members from the upper counties, and his boldness and their votes overawed and controlled the more cool or the more timid, aristocratic gentlemen of the lower part of the State. His eloquence was peculiar, if indeed it should be called eloquence; for it was impressive and sublime, beyond what can be imagined. Although it was difficult, when he had spoken, to tell what he had said, yet, while he was speaking, it always seemed directly to the point. When he had spoken in opposition to my opinion, it has produced a great effect, and I myself been highly delighted and moved, I have asked myself, when he ceased,—"What the devil has he said?" could never answer the inquiry. His person was of full size, and his manner and voice firm and manly. His utterance neither very fast nor very slow. His speeches generally short, from a quarter to a half-an-hour. His pronunciation was vulgar and vicious, but it was forgotten as he was speaking.

He was a man of very little knowledge of any sort; he read nothing, and had no books. By turning one November from Albemarle court he borrowed of me Hume's Essays, in two volumes, saying he should have leisure in the winter for reading. In the spring he returned them, and declared he had not been able to go further than twenty or thirty pages in the first volume. He wrote almost nothing—he could not write. The Resolutions of 1775, which have been ascribed to him, have by many been supposed to have been written by Mr. Johnson, who acted as his second on that occasion; but if they were written by Henry himself, they are not such as to prove any power of composition. Neither in politics nor in his profession was he a man of business, he was a man for debate only. His biographer says that he read Plutarch every year. I doubt whether he ever read a volume of it in his life. His temper was excellent, and he generally observed decorum in debate. On one or two occasions I have seen him angry, and his anger was terrible; those who witnessed it were not disposed to rouse it again. In his opinions, he was yielding and practicable, and not disposed to differ from his friends. In private conversation he was agreeable and facetious, and, while in genteel society, appeared to understand all the decencies and proprieties of it; but, in his life, he preferred low society, and sought it as much as possible.

He would hunt in the pine woods of Fluvanna with overseers, and people of that description, living in a camp for a fortnight at a time without a change of raiment. I have often been mortified at his command of proper language, when he attained a knowledge of it I never could find out, as he read so little and conversed little with educated men. After all, it must be allowed, he was our leader in the measures of the Revolution in Virginia. In that respect more was due to him than any other person. If we had not had him, we should probably have got on pretty much as you did, by a number of men of nearly equal talents, but he left us far behind. His biographer sent the sheets of his work to me as they were printed, and at the end asked for my opinion. I told him it would be a question hereafter, whether his work should be placed on the shelf of history or of panegyric. It is a good book, written in bad taste, and gives so high an idea of Patrick Henry, that it seems intended to show off the writer more than the subject of the work.

Curious Fact.—Did my readers ever observe the curious fancy that persons not blind from birth have for stripes and checks? Why do we prefer for parallel lines? Martin Van Buren, when he used to ride a striped pony. I saw a lunatic sit for hours counting and piecing the stripes. Many insane persons are fascinated by a chess-board; and any one who has ever had a brain fever will remember the horrible attraction of a striped wall-paper.—*F. Sala.*

Cure for Thirst.—When at sea on short allowance of water, and you feel thirsty, eat a piece of hard biscuit with a lump of white sugar. In thirst, the salivary glands of the mouth are paralyzed, but restore their action by severe chewing, and immediately there will be relief. A friend who has been on short allowance of water in warm latitudes, confirms the truth of the above statement.

One Good Turn Deserves Another.—A favorite magpie, which had been accustomed to receive its dainty bits from the mouth of its mistress, one day perched, as usual, on her shoulder and inserted its beak between her lips, not, as proved, to receive, but to give or hide, for a good turn deserves another, the grateful bird dropped an immense green, fat caterpillar in the lady's mouth.

☞ Idle Observations; by an Extensive Idle Man.—To receive well is almost as hard as to give well. It is with life as with coffee; we would drink it pure must not drain it to the dregs. A fool in an elevated position is like a man in a balloon; everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody. The author the most appreciated is he who is the architect his fortune.

THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

There be three little maidens; three loving maidens;
Three bonny maidens mine;
Three precious jewels are set in Life's crown,
On prayer-lifted brows to shine.
Sir Larry eyes, all love luminous,
Look out for our heaven so tender;
Since the honey-moon glowing and glorious,
Arose in its ripening splendor.

There's Lily-bell, duchess of wonderland,
With her dance of life, dimples and curls;
Whose bud of a mouth into red kisses bursts
Amidst with the wanton white pearls:
And Sweetcheek, our rosily goldenlay peach
On the sunniest side o' the wall;
But Marian's Mother's darling,
Marian's Idol of all.

Like the merry voiced bird that sings on the bough,
I sing, oh, my brooding Dove,
To a nest I know in the leaves below,
Full of eyes alive with love.
Two of our little Birds wander on wings,
One doth but flutter and fall;
Sing, Marian's Mother's wee darling,
Marian's Idol of all.

All in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Yet had the green warmth of the sod.
Oh, beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled,
Life's crown of sweetness was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a gracious bosom
Our bud of beauty grew:
It fed on smiles for sunshine,
And tears for dainties dew.
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled
So close and close about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson
Grew with our Rose of light;
Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip
Her whiteness saintly white.
In the wind of life they danced with glee,
And reddened as they whirled;
White, white and wondrous grew our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance,
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower,
Where winged Hopes might build.
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But ever more the halo
Of Angel light increased;
Like the mystery of Moonlight,
That folds some fairy feast.
Snow white, snow soft, snow silently,
Our darling bud up curled,
And dropt i' the Grave—God's lap—our wee
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom;
Our life was but in spring;
When down the solemn midnight
We heard the Spirits sing:
Another bud of infancy,
With holy dews impearled;"
And in their hands they bore our wee
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling,
From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
In tendered bloom unfurled;
But never, never match our wee
White Rose of all the world.

THE WISHING-GATE.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

It was rushbearing-time at Greenside, in the north country—the last Saturday of July, the day whereon the earthen floors of our small churches were their carpeting renewed with rushes from Mineton Mere. There were two wagons full of them; and upon the horses' heads that drew them waved their feathery tops; and in the driver's hats, like knightly plumes, they nodded; and upon the hats of each of the band that followed, playing *Auxie Lowrie*, they kept measure with the tune; and bound up gracefully with wreaths of wild flowers, and carried by young men, still came the Mineton rushes in procession. Before the twin-rivers run into the mere, they widen upon a bank of sand, and in the little bay round, under these moss-grown rocks whose caves are purple with the heather. This is a holiday with us at Greenside; the shops—there are but two in all the village—are shut, as though it were Sunday, and the church-bell is ringing; it is the same which tolls for service and knells for burials, but no one can mistake its tone to-day for anything but merriment. Every one in the place is having his pull at it, and, as many as can, together, so that it never gives two strokes alike. To be carried up by it into the belfry, and so hit heads against the rafters, is rare fun. The women folk are employed for days upon the garlands, and every household strives that that of it shall be chosen the rushbearing queen.

"The fewer the ribbons the better, Phœbe," Dame Forrest's advice to her daughter upon the occasion; for Phœbe, who was but seventeen, was likely to err upon the ribbon side, made a bundle of the flowers round her rushes, and proclaimed herself queen by acclamation. "Beautiful Phœbe Forrest! hail, pretty rushbearing!" It was the proudest day young life, walking at the head of it was, too, without question, for, whose eyes, however, were the proudest, too, of Leonard Hirds, whose look never strays away from it in its steadiness; one would think watching a deer in Martindale, lest it crop out of rifle range. A powerful young fellow, with a fine face, but for a little too much will about the mouth. Has the fleet foot of a hill-fox in Westmoreland, and is the pride of the dalesmen hereabouts in the wrestling ring; and the fear of the men and the love of the women have spoiled him; he says he will marry Phœbe Forrest whether she will or no, and Phœbe says no, which seems a strange sort of wooing.

There was but one in Greenside that summer-noon who had not yet acknowledged Phœbe his queen, and that was not for lack of love, nor unity neither. Frank Meredith, the landscape-painter, who lodged in the farm house on the hill side, was the rebel; he had been there for the last three years, until his portfolio was filled to overflowing, and scarcely a rock in Westmoreland had escaped his canvas; but still he gave no sign of departure. The artist flood was now ebbing over our beautiful valley for the fourth year since his arrival; but however pleasant his Arcadia—however lovely was his High Crag, no painter ever born him with it further than the neighboring dales. Certainly his home-view was so beautiful as not to be excelled elsewhere; the grassy Greenside side sloped down to river and wood-land from his door, and Mineton Mere lay not so far beyond it, but that every snow-white sail upon its basin could be seen. Two sycamores gave their pastoral bee-music to the song of the dancing brook within his garden; and towering behind and above the farm-house, crowded the whole mountain world. Still, there was something beyond the beauty of its landscape that, year after year, chained Frank Meredith to Greenside—its gossips said. They had found out all about him before the second year was out; how that he was a black sheep, and had disgusted his noble family, and was allowed a pound a week, upon condition of keeping out of their way; which was not Frank's history at all, nor anything like it. He was indeed of an ancient stock of painful respectability, and had shocked it a good deal by his inartificial behavior. He was by nature vulgar, or at least had preferred landscape-painting to any gentlemanly profession; and having been intoxicated with some slight success, pursued it, which was his relatives' account of the matter. And his uncle, indeed, from whom he should have inherited thousands and tens of thousands, and chariots and horses, did, we know, disinherit him for making negus of his particular shegry—"The fellow put hot water and sugar, sir, to my 38, at eighty-four shillings a dozen"—and the family following suit to the rich uncle, washed their aristocratic hands of him, leaving the young artist to live as he could upon a hundred a year of his own, and upon his cunning in water-colors.

On this same rushbearing night, he stands on the natural terrace that leads into Greenside from High Crag, leaning upon the carved gate which opens into the quarry-field, and smoking his clay-pipe. He has not with him, wonderful to say, the instruments of his beloved art, for he has taken that same view from the Wishing-gate a thousand times. There are many spots in the north to which poetic legend has attached this "faculty of giving," and to none with a more harmonious fitness than to this at Greenside. The good fairies never had a more lovely dwelling-place than that on which the perfect moon was then outpouring her silver treasure; the songs of the holiday-makers had not yet ceased, but came up from the valley beneath on a gentle wind, which set the clouds afloat over the mountain-sides, but could not bend the fir-trees on their crests; the lake lay sleeping with a quiet smile, like a maiden dreaming of love. It is of love, too, the painter dreams as his charmed eyes wander over the scene, his lips are parted with a smile, too, as he whispers his wish across the gate. How many half-believers before him have done the same, in that same place! How the carved bar is cut along and across with the various desires of men! some of them in sober prose, and some in simple song, but all "of the earth, earthy."

"A woodbiney Cottage and Kowe" is, alas, the best of them. "£4,000" is the limit of one ambitious mortal's wishes; and "A five pound note" contents another. "Carriage and Pair," exceeding well cut, and with a flourish, must, we think, be a young lady's vision of bliss, and "Susan" as unmistakably a young gentleman's. "King at Carel" is the most remarkable inscription, and would puzzle many to decipher; but Meredith, who is an excellent wrestler himself, and well conversant with Westmoreland aspirations, recognises at once the darling hope of some young athlete that he may win the champion's belt at the approaching meeting at Carel (Carlisle.) Frank Meredith smiles again and again at all these things, but, nevertheless, he draws forth his penknife, and begins to inscribe a little wish of his own heart. "P"—that has something to do with painting, or perhaps power: "PH"—that may possibly be the way in which an eccentric genius may *spell fame*: "PHŒBE FORREST"—the note of admiration is our own—is what it at last came to!

"And here she is," said a sweet, low voice, as he finished the inscription, and the queen of the rush-bearing was standing by his side. She had laid aside her sceptre, and taken the wreath of flowers from her hair, but looked no whit less lovely than before. Frank gazed at her an instant, as though she were indeed a supernatural visitant who had obeyed his call, and then convinced himself of her humanity by an embrace. He was very handsome, and, although still something too youthly in figure, had a frame well knit and active. The two seemed, in that time and place, to be the fit inhabitants of some new Eden Garden.

"I could not come before," she said, "Frank, for Leonard made me dance with him three dances on the green there; and as it is, I fear he half suspects us" —— A shrill scream concluded the sentence, as the huge form of the young dalesman strode in between the pair.

"I do suspect you, Phœbe, and I blush for you," he said. "Go you home to your mother, wench, at once; and for this young gentleman, I will take his chastisement into my own hands."

"Don't move a step, Phœbe!" exclaimed Frank. "By what right, man, do you dare interfere between her and me?"

"Because I am her cousin, Mr. Meredith, and shall be her husband. Because I would not have your blood upon my hands, which, as there is a God in Heaven, would be there if dishonor—"

"Silence, sir!" thundered Frank. "Go home, Phœbe. "Nay," he added, as he saw her hesitate to leave such angry folk together, "we are not going to fight, dear."

And she obeyed him instantly.

The two young men stood opposite each other, face to face, and there was no cowardice in either's eyes.

"If, Leonard Hirds, you came up here to stand between me and her who is to be my wife, I will thrash you to-morrow, big as you are, to a mummy; if you really came to defend the purest and best girl on earth from him you supposed to be a villain, I forgive and honor you."

"I did think you meant falsely, Mr. Meredith," said Leonard, frankly; "but now, I look upon you, I confess you do not seem like a seducer. With regard to Phœbe being your wife, that shall never be; and as to the thrashing to a mummy, let us try at once."

"I have promised not to harm you to-night," returned Frank.

"But to-morrow," said the young giant, "I shall be at Carel, in the wrestling ring."

Frank hesitated a moment, and then replied, with meaning:

"And I shall be there also, Leonard Hirds."

And each took his way in silence to his own home.

The two young men were not without respect for one another at heart; Frank Meredith knew that amongst the dalesmen, with most of whom he himself was perfectly well acquainted, Leonard was considered highly; it was true that he had forbidden any to aspire to the hand of Phœbe save himself, but this pre-eminence of his excused him somewhat in the painter's eyes, who made allowance for his arrogance as he would have done for the like pretensions in a higher rank, where a fortune as well as a bride might have been the prize, and some hair-triggering, twenty-pacing cousin, the monopolist. On the other hand, Leonard Hirds would freely own that there was nothing like pride about Frank Meredith, but plenty of pluck and spirit. The young painter had long accustomed himself to Westmoreland sports, and was especially skillful in wrestling, making up in litheness and activity for what he wanted in strength; he had been thrown by the young dalesman often enough, but each time with the greater difficulty, so as to have become of late by far his most formidable antagonist. Frank well knew by whose underkly hand the desire to be "king at Carel" had been carved upon the Wishing-gate, and he determined, if it were possible, to humble Leonard's pride on the morrow, in the presence of the three counties.

Our wrestling in the north is a very different matter from prize-fighting, and I should be sorry if it ever grew to be like it; it is seldom that any serious hurt befalls the competitors, and victors and vanquished appear to be equally in good-humor. The honor of being in the last two or three pairs—much more that of being sole conqueror—is esteemed far higher than the prizes themselves, which, indeed, are of no great value. Wrestling at Carel, to a youth who is only experienced in contests with his neighbor dalesmen, is what speaking in the House of Commons is to a Cicero of "the Union" at Cambridge or Oxford. There are a great number of pairs, and a young and unknown wrestler rarely "stands up" more than one or two, and there are thousands of spectators to applaud or criticise. Raised and covered seats for those who fear the rain or love high places, and forms let out at a lower rate, enclose the arena, and a plentiful sprinkling of the masses lie down within upon the grass. The umpires also stand within to watch the combatants, that the fall be not attempted until each has obtained a fair hold—one arm under, and one over, and that when they have once grappled, neither shall let go.

Two men come forward, chosen as the first pair by lot, and strip themselves, except to their shirt and drawers; they have been weighed in a neighboring field, and are light or heavy weights as they are under or over eleven stone. They shake hands before commencing, and endeavor after a hold, each seeking for the best purchase, and grappling tightly when it is once found. Then comes the *tug* and the *tussle*; their arms are almost at stretch; their faces, which were but now seen over each other's shoulders, have disappeared; the backs of their heads are alone visible, drawn down on a level with their spines. The strain for a few minutes is very great, but it does not commonly last long; one of them is dragged downward, and touches ground with his knees, or their legs mingle together, and, after revolving twice or thrice with great velocity, they both come to the ground—the uppermost being of course the winner. The cries of "Bonny Ambleside!" "Bonny Nipthwaite!" or whatever may be the dwelling-places of the respective athletes, never cease. The phrase of "Bonny leil one" puzzles the stranger a good deal, and he begins to think it some extremely populous district; but "leil one" means little one—the smaller of the two competitors.

At this particular Carel meeting, the light and heavy wrestlers were mixed, and the prizes made general without regard to weight. We of Greenside had several likely youths, but Leonard Hirds was our best man by far. Much to our astonishment, we saw the young painter drawing his lot amongst the rest, at whom Leonard threw a contemptuous smile, and was evidently disappointed at not being in the pair with him. Frank Meredith looked fragile enough when stripped. One ancient wrestler—now with one leg and one arm only, their fellows having been blown away by powder-blasts in Langdale—who always attends this scene of his former feats, assured me that "the bonny lad would be broken athwart the middle;" and indeed he did look rather waspish about the waist. His first competitor was a large and powerful fellow; and when, after a long struggle, Frank cast him to the earth by the "awioging hype"—the knee thrown inward sharply against the adversary's thigh—there arose a great cry of astonished joy. He was afterwards lucky in his drawing for some time, and obtained pretty easy victories; his beauty and youthfulness, the smile upon his face as he shook hands before each contest, and the sympathising look, without a trace of vaunt, with which he regarded his unsuccessful rivals, made him popular with the whole assembly; albeit there was not one amongst them who could hope for his final success. Nevertheless, it did so happen that the day wore on, and the pairs grew fewer and fewer, until Leonard Hirds and Frank Meredith alone "stood up," of all competitors. There had been a quiet determination about the latter throughout, like the concentrated purpose of revenge, which had prompted him to take the minutest pains in every contest, while the former had thrown his opponents to right and left like a madman, as though they intercepted his approach to some more worthy antagonist; both had opened their lot tickets with greediness, and read them with disappointment, each desired, up till now, a combat with his particular foe. The embroidered champion's belt, and the honor of being "king at Carel," must needs now remain with one of them, and the excitement grew intense. It was evident that Leonard Hirds thought seriously of the task before him, and would not let slip a chance of success through contempt of his less sturdy rival. They were to wrestle for the best of three falls; and it was evident from the beginning that the design of the stronger was to weary Meredith out. Frank instantly obtained his hold, but the other refused to clasp his own hands for a great while, so that the strain might fatigue his antagonist. Many shouted to the young painter to beware of this, for he was a favorite, as we have said, and Hirds had made himself many enemies through arrogance; but Meredith gave no heed to us in his excitement, forgetting that to himself none had "laid down," while to his foe no less than four had succumbed without an effort, leaving him by so much the fresher. Frank suffered as we feared; after many loosings, in which his object had been greatly obtained, Leonard took up earth in his hands—as is the custom of the firmer hold—for the first time; and we knew the struggle was nigh. Both of them "held" at once and together, strained to their utmost shoulder to shoulder, and then head to head, rapidly whirled round for a second or two, and fell—Hirds uppermost.

The chances against Meredith were now two to one, and his strength seemed failing besides. Some spoke to him flatteringly of his having obtained the second prize; and even his rival, as he shook hands after the fall, said something to the same effect, to which Frank answered in a fierce whisper, that he would throw him yet, and be "king at Carel!" after all. It seemed as if the painter's darling hope was now to be the winner of the wrestling match. In the second trial, they took less care for holding, as Leonard found he could not play the same game twice, and both grappled at once, as if with hooks of steel. The dalesman clasped his right leg round his rival's left, and bent the slender body backwards like a reed. With every muscle at fullest stretch, and the veins standing out on their foreheads, but without a trace of ferocity, they stood—models of power and firmness. For upwards of a minute and a half they stood, every instant of which we expected Meredith to give way, with the whole weight of his man thus thrown upon him, and he himself off the perpendicular; but all on a sudden, Leonard's leg-clasp failed; we saw it tremble, and then relax, and almost instantly, taken at a frightful disadvantage, the young giant was thrown heavily. A great cheer burst from a thousand throats, but not so much as a smile came over Meredith. Although his rival gathered himself up, and retired into the tent without difficulty, Frank knew that he was seriously hurt. An overstrained sinew had indeed given way; and while the spectators were awaiting the issue of the last "tie," the contest was virtually over, and the victory remained with the young painter. At present, none knew this but the two combatants. The victor followed the vanquished to where he was sitting alone, and took his hand. "You're king, sir," said the poor giant, "through this cursed strain."

"You must have thrown me, else, Leonard," exclaimed Frank honestly; "and it is not fair that you should be deprived of your honors by an accident: your heart was set upon this victory, as I know by what was written on the Wishing-gate, and I shall 'lay down' to you, Leonard Hirds."

Leonard lifted himself up with pain to grasp his rival's hand, and tears were standing in his eyes, as, after a little pause, he said:

"Thank you, thank you, sir! I don't wonder at Phœbe Forrest's preferring so generous a fellow to me. From what I read, too, on the Wishing-gate last night, I think I know the dearest wish of yours, too, Mr. Meredith. What interest I may have with my aunt, her mother, I beg then to transfer to you. I took too much upon me every way, trusting to this brute strength of mine, and I am fitly humbled."

"Nay, then," said Frank, "you have more reason to be proud of yourself than ever, and have conquered at Carel, indeed."

There was great disappointment and great disapprobation when it was known that Meredith had given up so good a chance, and "laid down" without a struggle to his antagonist. It was thought that there would be no living at Greenside now, for the sire the victor would be sure to give himself. But from that day, on the contrary, was our young dalesman altered, in all points, for the better; and Frank Meredith, on his part, was amply consoled for his loss of the kingship at Carel, by his gain of the queen of the rushbearing. And thus did the good fairies of the Wishing-gate give to each man the gift he desired.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

The Empress of Russia is the daughter of the late Grand Duke Ludwig of Hesse, and is in her thirty-second year. She is possessed of much personal beauty, and has endeared herself to all who have the privilege of approaching the Imperial lady, by her softness and amiable disposition. The Emperor, when Czarowitz, married her against the wishes of his father, and she was received very coldly when she came to St. Petersburg. It is related that she was so hurt by the behavior of the Emperor Nicholas, that she secluded herself for some months; and that on the Emperor's birth-day, when the other branches of the Imperial family came to offer their congratulations, instead of bringing a present, which it was the custom to do, she fell upon her knees before him, and repeated the Belief in Russian, without a single fault, either in the words or pronunciation. The Emperor was so struck with the patience and the close application which such a task required, that he raised her up, and kissing her, gave her his blessing, and from that moment extended to her that love and affection which her gentle nature and the love she displayed towards his son merited. She has a family of four sons and a daughter.

PUNCTUALITY.

A shoemaker of Dublin had a longing desire to work for Dean Swift. He was recommended by James Swing, the banker, and Mr. Sican, a merchant. The Dean gave him an order for a pair of boots, adding:

"When shall I have them?"

"On Saturday next," said the shoemaker.

"I have no appointments," said the Dean, "nor would I have you disappoint others; set your own time and keep to it."

"I thank your reverence," said Bamerick (for that was his name.) "I desire no longer than Saturday e'en, when you will be sure to have them without fail."

They parted. The boots were finished at the time; but, through hurry of business, Mr. Bamerick forgot to carry them home till Monday evening. When the Dean drew the boots on, and found them to his mind, he said—

"Mr. Bamerick, you have answered to the commands of your friends, but you have disappointed me, for I was to have been at Sir Arthur Axhoson's, in the county of Armagh, on this day."

"Indeed, and indeed, sir," said Bamerick; "the boots were finished at the time, but I forgot to bring them home."

The Dean gave him one of his stern looks; and, after a pause, asked him whether he understood gardening as well as bootmaking. Bamerick answered—

"No, sir; but I have seen some very fine gardens in England."

"Come," said the Dean, in a good-humored tone. "I will show you some improvements I have made in the deanery garden."

They walked through the garden to the further end, when the Dean started, as if recollecting something.

"I must step in," said he; "stay here till I come back."

Then he ran out of the garden, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

Bamerick walked about till it grew dark, and, not seeing the Dean, he at last ventured to follow him, but found the door locked. He knocked and called several times to no purpose; he perceived himself confined between high walls, the night dark and cold, in the month of March. However, he had not the least suspicion of his being intentionally confined. The deanery servants went to bed at the usual hour, and the Dean remained in his study until two o'clock in the morning. He then went into the hall and drew the charge out of a blunderbuss and other firearms, then returned and rang his bell. He was immediately attended by one of his servants.

"Robert," said he, "I have been much disturbed with a noise in the garden side; I fear some robbers have entered; get me a lantern, and call up Saunders."

Then the Dean took the lantern, and stayed by the arms until the men came.

"Arm yourself," said he, "and follow me."

He led them into the garden, where the light soon attracted poor Bamerick, who came running up to them. Upon his approach, the Dean roared out:

"There is the robber! Shoot him!"

Saunders presented, and Bamerick, terrified to death, fell on his knees and begged his life. The Dean held the lantern up to the man's face, and gravely said:

"Mercy on us! Mr. Bamerick, how came you here?"

"Lord, sir," said Bamerick, "don't you remember you left me here last evening?"

"Ah, friend!" said the Dean, "I forgot it, as you did the *boots*." Then turning round to Robert, who was the butler, he said, "Give the man some warm wine, and see him safe home."

AMERICAN LIFE.—American life is but the agony of a fever. There is no repose for us. We push on in frenzied excitement through the crowds, the noise, the hot glare and dust of the highways, without turning for a moment to refresh ourselves in the quiet and shade of the by-paths of life. We have but one object in our rapid journey, and that is to get the start of our fellow-travellers. Our political equality, offering to all a chance for the prizes of life, and thus encouraging every one to try his speed in the race, is no doubt a spur to the characteristic hurry of Americans. Our institutions, however, are not responsible for the prize we choose to strive for. There is no reason that we know of why a republican should have no other aim in life but to get richer than his neighbor; but there are a thousand good reasons, if we value health and happiness, why we should pursue other and higher objects. When the pursuit of wealth is the great purpose of life in so rapidly a progressive state of material prosperity as exists in our commercial communities, it requires exclusive devotion and the highest strain of the faculties to succeed. A fair competence, however, is easily reached; and if we had learned to care for better things, we would not strive for more.

AFRICAN ABSOLUTISM.—The King of Dahomey is one of the most absolute tyrants in the world; and being regarded as a demigod by his own subjects, his actions are never questioned. No person ever approaches him, even his favorite chiefs, without prostrating themselves at full length on the ground, and covering their faces and heads with earth. It is a grave offence to suppose that the King eats, drinks, sleeps, or performs any of the ordinary functions of nature. His meals are always taken to a secret place, and any man that has the misfortune or temerity to cast his eyes upon him in the act is put to death. If the King drinks in public, which is done on some extraordinary occasions, his person is concealed by having a curtain held up before him, during which time the people prostrate themselves, and afterwards shout and cheer at the very top of their voices.—*Wilson's Western Africa.*

THE WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From "The Court of Napoleon: or, Society under the First Empire."

The women of the episodic period in French history, which reaches from the destruction of the Bastille, in 1789, to the landing of Bonaparte at Frejus, in 1799, were, beyond all controversy, the most extraordinary race since Cornelia and the Spartan mother on the one hand, or since the Amazons and the Eumenides on the other. The annals of no nation, certainly not those of any other period of anarchy and dismemberment, present such a picture of female influence, heroism and virtue, and at the same time, of female excess, violence and infamy, as those of the Revolution, Terror and Directory.

Marie Antoinette and the Duchess de Polignac had introduced and commenced the era of feminine ascendancy: they controlled the court, the camp and the city. Lafayette, on his return from the War of American Independence, received a more enthusiastic welcome from the ladies of Paris than from the soldiers of the Champ de Mars. The milliners composed caps à la Lafayette, and tunics à la d'Estaing, to occupy and satisfy this feminine revolutionary effervescence. Madame Helvetius, who was "so happy with three acres of land," and at whose house Franklin had been so intimate, Madame de Genlis and the Marquise de Condorcet made their parlors the rendezvous of the disaffected and the enthusiasts of the epoch, guiding their speech, moulding their opinions, directing their acts. The Fete of the Federation, the preparations for which 12,000 workmen could not accomplish in time, was successful only through the eager cooperation of the women of Paris: danseuse and dairymaid, bayadère and benedictine, labored together with wheelbarrow and spade. Necker, the Minister of Finance, was so openly assisted by his wife that he was popularly called Necker the Hermaphrodite.

Then, a year or two later, what lustre was lent to martyrdom, what grace was shed upon the pillory and the scaffold, what glory was derived even from ignominy by the modest heroism of the sublime, yet unconscious Girondines! Charlotte Corday—illumined, if not inspired—the protest and vengeance of outraged humanity; Madame Roland, the contentious philosopher and discreet lawgiver of the Revolution; Lucille Desmoulins, amiable, lively, and yet undaunted: three women, rare, even had they been isolated and consecutive, and trebly admirable in their joint and contemporaneous glories! From the upas and cypress which encompassed their death and shadowed their graves, history has woven them a crown of laurel and a wreath of amaranth.

Theroigne de Mericourt, acting under a poignant sense of personal wrong, did as much to exasperate and embitter the hostility of the plebeians to the aristocracy, as did Danton: her eloquence was as persuasive as that of Mirabeau. Olympe de Gouges had no rival in either sex for club oratory or pamphlet satire.

Then, altogether at the other extreme, were the Women of the Mountain, who, with grotesque and hideous energy, with squalid and ruthless turbulence, spread menace and consternation from Vincennes to Versailles. They made the Mountain a French Sinai, which issued its decrees of eternal justice amid the thunders of their applause, and the reverberations of their riotous vivats.

Later still: To whom does France owe the fall of Robespierre and the cessation of the Terror? To a woman, Madame Tallien, the voluptuous enchanting Andalusian. To whom does history owe the first link in the chain of events that led to Napoleon Bonaparte? To a woman, Josephine de Beauharnais, the gentle and seductive Creole. Upon another field, and in another sphere, other women were at the same moment acquiring humbler fame, by courage in battle or devotion in the ambulance. Local chronicle still cherishes, however national history may have forgotten it, the intrepidity of Libert Barreau, the charity of Rose Bouillon, and the patriotism of Fpelicite and Theobile Fernig.

A late writer thus speaks of this singular inversion of society, referring in the passage quoted, to the state of things under the Directory, just previous to Napoleon: "No age can show a more conspicuous example of the fall and annihilation of man, and of the triumph, the publicity, and influence of woman. Never did woman so occupy the public gaze; never did she so openly mix in the conduct of the nation's affairs. Women controlled the choice of Generals; they bespoke for them success or reverse, and had their reputation made to order. Not only was public opinion submissive to their behests—not only was their written recommendation virtually a patent of impunity—but they pilfered the keys of the treasury from the girdle of the sleeping guardians, and they guided the pens of those who awarded plethoric contracts, and who fingered sealed proposals.

It is essential to study and understand this period, before it is possible to present an intelligible view of Napoleon as the reformer of society, and, if not the regenerator of morals, at least the restorer of appearances and the reviver of opinion. It was Napoleon's mission—for we are not to consider him here as a soldier or a legislator—to repress the abuses which crept or strode into society during the interregnum between '89 and '99. It is indispensable to expose, in some detail, the situation of the mind and heart of France throughout the three episodes which separate Louis XVI. from Bonaparte—the Revolution, Terror, and Directory. This can be attained in no better manner, within the limits and according to the purpose of this volume, than by concisely narrating the experience of the most conspicuous women of the epoch, though some may have been heroines and some harlots. The Women of the Revolution will thus naturally provoke a comparison with the Women of the Empire: the latter being as remarkable for their deprivation of influence as were the former for its enjoyment and exercise.

The Women of the Empire who attained to fame were few: without exception, they suffered persecution. Madame de Staël was exiled for her opinions; Madame Récamier was banished for her unrelenting beauty and her sturdy virtue; Madame de Chevreuse, the embodiment of the Legitimist protestation against Napoleon, was exiled for an epigram; Madame Tallien underwent exclusion from the Tuileries, because she had been divorced; Josephine suffered repudiation, because, being a wife without a child, the throne was without an heir. Historically and socially, these five women were the first of their time. Properly to appreciate a period in which women were so subjected to oppression, and so denuded of influence, it is well to understand the previous period, in which example was of their setting, and when laws were of their making.

☞ THE DEBT OF NATURE.—No Englishman dies exactly poor, for he leaves his share in the National Debt to his children.—*Punch.*

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate and of the House of Representatives:

The Constitution requires that the President shall, from time to time, not only recommend to the consideration of Congress such measures as he may judge necessary and expedient, but also that he shall give information to them of the state of the Union. To do this fully involves exposition of all matters in the actual condition of the country, domestic or foreign, which essentially concern the general welfare. While performing his constitutional duty in this respect, the President does not speak merely to express personal convictions, but as the executive minister of the government, enabled by his position, and called upon by his official obligations, to scan with an impartial eye the interests of the whole, and of every part of the United States.

Of the condition of the domestic interests of the Union, its agriculture, mines, manufactures, navigation and commerce, it is necessary only to say that the internal prosperity of the country, its continuous and steady advancement in wealth and population, and in private as well as public well-being, attest the wisdom of our institutions, and the predominant spirit of intelligence and patriotism, which, notwithstanding occasional irregularities of opinion or action resulting from popular freedom, has distinguished and characterised the people of America.

In the brief interval between the termination of the last and the commencement of the present session of Congress, the public mind has been occupied with the care of selecting, for another constitutional term, the President and Vice President of the United States.

The determination of the persons, who are of right, or contingently, to preside over the administration of the government, is under our system, committed to the States and the people. We appeal to them, by their voice pronounced in the forms of law, to call whomsoever they will to the high post of Chief Magistrate.

And thus it is that as the Senators represent the respective States of the Union, and the members of the House of Representatives the several constituencies of each State, so the President represents the aggregate population of the United States. Their election of him is the explicit and solemn act of the sole sovereign authority of the Union.

It is impossible to misapprehend the great principles, which, by their recent political action, the people of the United States have sanctioned and announced.

They have asserted the constitutional equality of each and all of the States of the Union as States; they have affirmed the constitutional equality of each and all of the citizens of the United States as citizens, whatever their religion, wherever their birth, or their residence; they have maintained the inviolability of the constitutional rights of the different sections of the Union; and they have proclaimed their devoted and unalterable attachment to the Union and to the constitution, as objects of interest superior to all subjects of local or sectional controversy, as the safeguard of the rights of all, as the spirit and the essence of the liberty, peace, and greatness of the Republic.

In doing this, they have, at the same time, emphatically condemned the idea of organizing in these United States mere geographical parties of marshalling in hostile array towards each other the different parts of the country, North or South, East or West.

Schemes of this nature, fraught with incalculable mischief, and which the considerate sense of the people has rejected, could have had countenance in no part of the country, had they not been disguised by suggestions plausible in appearance, acting upon an excited state of the public mind, induced by causes temporary in their character, and it is to be hoped transient in their influence.

Perfect liberty of association for political objects, and the widest scope of discussion, are the received and ordinary conditions of government in our country. Our institutions, framed in the spirit of confidence in the intelligence and integrity of the people, do not forbid citizens, either individually or associated together, to attack by writing, speech, or any other methods short of physical force, the Constitution and the very existence of the Union. Under the shelter of this great liberty and protected by the laws and usages of the government they assail, associations have been formed, in some of the States, of individuals, who, pretending to seek only to prevent the spread of the institution of slavery into the present or future or inchoate States of the Union, are really inflamed with desire to change the domestic institutions of existing States. To accomplish their objects they dedicate themselves to the odious task of depreciating the government organization which stands in their way, and of calumniating, with indiscriminate invective, not only the citizens of particular States, with whose laws they find fault, but all others of their fellow citizens throughout the country who do not participate with them in their assaults upon the Constitution, framed and adopted by our fathers, and claiming for the privileges it has secured, and the blessings it has conferred, the steady support and grateful reverence of their children. They seek an object which they well know to be a revolutionary one.

They are perfectly aware that the change in the relative condition of the white and black races in slaveholding States, which they would promote, is beyond their lawful authority; that to them it is a foreign object; that it cannot be effected by any peaceful instrumentality of theirs; that for them, and the States of which they are citizens, the only path to its accomplishment is through burning cities and ravaged fields, and slaughtered populations, and all that is most terrible in foreign, complicated with civil and servile war, and that the first step in the attempt to the forcible disruption of a country embracing in its broad bosom a degree of liberty, and an amount of individual and public prosperity, to which there is no parallel in history, and substituting in its place hostile governments, driven at once and inevitably into mutual devastation and fratricidal carnage, transforming the now peaceful and felicitous brotherhood into a vast permanent camp of armed men like the rival monarchies of Europe and Asia. Well knowing that such, and such only, are the means and the consequences of their plans and purposes, they endeavor to prepare the people of the United States for civil war by doing every thing in their power to deprive the Constitution and the laws of moral authority, and to undermine the fabric of the Union by appeals to passion and sectional prejudice, by indoctrinating its people with reciprocal hatred, and by educating them to stand face to face as enemies, rather than shoulder to shoulder as friends.

It is by the agency of such unwarrantable interference, foreign and domestic, that the minds of many, otherwise good citizens, have been so inflamed into the passionate condemnation of the domestic institutions of the Southern States, as at length to pass inscribible to almost equally passionate hostility towards their fellow-citizens of those States, and thus finally to fall into temporary fellowship with the avowed and active enemies of the Constitution. Ardently attached to liberty in the abstract, they do not stop to consider practically how the objects they would attain can be accomplished, nor to reflect that, even if the evil were as great as they deem it, they have no remedy to apply, and that it can be only aggravated by their violence and unconstitutional action. A question, which is one of the most difficult of all the problems of social institution, political economy and statesmanship, they treat with unreasoning intemperance of thought and language. Extremes beget extremes. Violent attack from the North finds its inevitable consequence in the growth of a spirit of angry defiance at the South. Thus in the progress of events we had reached that consummation, which the voice of the people has now so pointedly rebuked of the attempt, of a portion of the States, by a sectional organization and movement, to usurp the control of the government of the United States.

I confidently believe that the great body of those, who inconsiderately took this fatal step, are sincerely attached to the Constitution and the Union. They would, upon deliberation, shrink with unaffected horror from any conscious act of disunion or civil war. But they have entered into a path, which leads nowhere, unless it be to civil war and disunion, and which has no other possible outlet. They have proceeded thus far in that direction in consequence of the successive stages of their progress having consisted of a series of secondary issues, each of which professed to be confined within constitutional and peaceful limits, but which attempted indirectly what few men were willing to do directly, that is, to act aggressively against the constitutional rights of nearly one half of the thirty-one States.

In the long series of acts of indirect aggression, the first was the strenuous agitation, by citizens of the northern States, in Congress and out of it, of the question of negro emancipation in the southern States.

The second step in this path of evil consisted of acts of the people of the northern States, and in several instances of their governments, aimed to facilitate the escape of persons held to service in the southern States, and to prevent their extradition when reclaimed according to law and in virtue of express provisions of the Constitution. To promote this object, legislative enactments and other means were adopted to take away or defeat rights, which the Constitution solemnly guarantied. In order to nullify the then existing act of Congress concerning the extradition of fugitives from service, laws were enacted in many States, forbidding their officers, under the severest penalties, to participate in the execution of any act of Congress whatever. In this way that system of harmonious co-operation between the authorities of the United States and of the several States, for the maintenance of their common institutions, which existed in the early years of the Republic, was destroyed; conflicts of jurisdiction came to be frequent, and Congress found itself compelled, for the support of the Constitution, and the vindication of its power, to authorize the appointment of new officers charged with the execution of its acts, as if they and the officers of the States were the ministers, respectively, of foreign governments in a state of mutual hostility, rather than fellow magistrates of a common country, peacefully subsisting under the protection of one well-constituted Union. Thus here, also, aggression was followed by re-action; and the attacks upon the Constitution at this point did but serve to raise new barriers for its defence and security.

The third stage of this unhappy sectional controversy was in connexion with the organization of territorial governments, and the admission of new States into the Union. When it was proposed to admit the State of Maine, by separation of territory from that of Massachusetts, and the State of Missouri, formed of a portion of the territory ceded by France to the United States, representatives in Congress objected to the admission of the latter, unless with conditions suited to particular views of public policy. The imposition of such a condition was successfully resisted. But, at the same period, the question was presented of imposing restrictions upon the residue of the territory ceded by France. That question was, for the time, disposed of by the adoption of a geographical line of limitation.

In this connexion it should not be forgotten that France, of her own accord, resolved, for considerations of the most far-sighted sagacity, to cede Louisiana to the United States, and that secession was accepted by the United States, the latter expressly engaged that "the inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States, and admitted as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their *liberty, property*, and the religion which they profess"—that is to say, while it remains in a territorial condition, its inhabitants are maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty and property, with a right then to pass into the condition of States on a footing of perfect equality with the original States.

The enactment, which established the restrictive geographical line, was acquiesced in rather than approved by the States of the Union. It stood on the statute book, however, for a number of years; and the people of the respective States acquiesced in the re-enactment of the principle as applied to the State of Texas; and it was proposed to acquiesce in its further application to the territory acquired by the United States from Mexico. But this proposition was successfully resisted by the representatives from the northern States, who, regardless of the statute line, insisted upon applying restriction to the new territory generally, whether lying north or south of it, thereby repealing it as a legislative compromise, and, on the part of the North, persistently violating the compact, if compact there was.

Thereupon this enactment ceased to have binding virtue in any sense, whether as respects the North or the South; and so in effect it was treated on the occasion of the admission of the State of California, and the organization of the Territories of New Mexico, Utah, and Washington.

Such was the state of this question, when the time arrived for the organization of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. In the progress of constitutional inquiry and reflection, it had now at length come to be seen clearly that Congress does not possess constitutional power to impose restrictions of this character upon any present or future State of the Union. In a long series of decisions, on the fullest argument, and after the most deliberate consideration, the Supreme Court of the United States had finally determined this point, in every form under which the question could arise, whether as affecting public or private rights—in questions of the public domain, of religion, of navigation, and of servitude.

The several States of the Union are, by force of the Constitution, co-equal in domestic legislative power. Congress cannot change a law of domestic relation in the State of Maine; no more can it in the State of Missouri. Any statute which proposes to do this is a mere nullity; it takes away no right, it confers none. If it remains on the statute book unrepealed, it remains there only as a monument of error, and a beacon of warning to the legislator and the statesman. To repeal it will be only to remove imperfection from the statutes, without affecting, either in the sense of permission or of prohibition, the action of the States, or of their citizens.

Still, when the nominal restriction of this nature, already a dead letter in law, was in terms repealed by the last Congress, in a clause of the act organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, that repeal was made the occasion of a wide-spread and dangerous agitation.

It was alleged that the original enactment being a compact of perpetual moral obligation, its repeal constituted an odious breach of faith.

An act of Congress, while it remains unrepealed, more especially if it be constitutionally valid in the judgment of those public functionaries whose duty it is to pronounce on that point, is undoubtedly binding on the conscience of each good citizen of the Republic. But in what sense can it be asserted that the enactment in question was invested with perpetuity and antitled to the respect of a solemn compact? Between whom was the compact? No distinct contending powers of the government, no separate sections of the Union, treating as such, entered into treaty stipulations on the subject. It was a mere clause of an act of Congress, and like any other controverted matter of *legislation*, received its final shape and was passed by compromise of the conflicting opinions or sentiments of the members of Congress. But if it had moral authority over men's consciences, to whom did this authority attach? Not to those of the North, who had repeatedly refused to confirm it by extension, and who had zealously striven to establish other and incompatible regulations upon the subject. And if, as it thus appears, the supposed compact had no obligatory force as to the North, of course it could not have had any as to the South, for all such compacts must be mutual and of reciprocal obligation.

It has not unfrequently happened that law-givers, with undue estimation of the value of the law they give, or in the view of imparting to its peculiar strength, make it perpetual in terms; but they cannot thus bind the conscience, the judgment, and the will of those who may succeed them, invested with similar responsibilities, and clothed with equal authority. More careful investigation may prove the law to be unsound in principle. Experience may show it to be imperfect in detail and impracticable in execution. And then both reason and right combine not merely to justify, but to require its repeal.

The Constitution, supreme as it is over all the departments of the government, legislative, executive, and judicial, is open to amendment by its very terms, and Congress or the States may, in their discretion, propose amendment to it, solemn compact though it in truth is between the sovereign States of the Union. In the present instance, a political enactment, which had ceased to have legal power or authority of any kind was repealed. The position assumed, that Congress had no moral right to enact such repeal, was strange enough, and singularly so in view of the fact that the argument came from those who openly refused obedience to existing laws of the land, having the same popular designation and quality as compromise acts—nay, more, who unequivocally disregarded and condemned the most positive and obligatory injunctions of the Constitution itself, and sought, by every means within their reach, to deprive a portion of their fellow-citizens of the equal enjoyment of those rights and privileges guaranteed alike to all by the fundamental compact of our Union.

This argument against the repeal of the statute line in question, was accompanied by another of congenial character, and equally with the former destitute of foundation in reason and truth. It was imputed that the measure originated in the conception of extending the limits of slave labor beyond those previously assigned to it, and that such was its natural as well as intended effect; and these baseless assumptions were made, in the northern States, the ground of unceasing assault upon constitutional right.

The repeal in terms of a statute, which was already obsolete, and also null for unconstitutionality, could have no influence to obstruct or to promote the propagation of conflicting views of political or social institution. When the act organizing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska was passed, the inherent effect upon that portion of the public domain thus opened to legal settlement, was to admit settlers from all the States of the Union alike, each with his convictions of public policy and private interest, there to found in their discretion, subject to such limitations as the Constitution and acts of Congress might prescribe, new States, hereafter to be admitted into the Union. It was a free field, open alike to all, whether the statute line of assumed restriction were repealed or not. That repeal did not open to free competition of the diverse opinions and domestic institutions a field, which, without such repeal, would have been closed against them: it found that field of competition already opened, in fact and in law. All the repeal did was to relieve the statute-book of an objectionable enactment, unconstitutional in effect, and injurious in terms to a large portion of the States.

Is it the fact, that, in all the unsettled regions of the United States, if emigration be left free to act in this respect for itself, without legal prohibitions on either side, slave-labor will spontaneously go everywhere, in preference to free labor? Is it the fact, that the peculiar domestic institutions of the Southern States possess relatively so much of vigor that, wheresoever an avenue is freely open to all the world, they will penetrate to the exclusion of those of the Northern States? Is it the fact, that the former enjoy, compared with the latter, such irresistibly superior vitality, independent of climate, soil, and all other accidental circumstances, as to be able to produce the supposed result, in spite of the assumed moral and natural obstacles to its accomplishment, and of the numerous population of the Northern States?

The argument of those, who advocate the enactment of new laws of restriction, and condemn the repeal of old ones, in effect avers that their particular views of government have no self-extending or self-sustaining power of their own, and will go nowhere unless forced by act of Congress. And if Congress do but pause for a moment in the policy of stern coercion; if it venture to try the experiment of leaving men to judge for themselves what institutions will best suit them, if it it be not strained up to perpetual legislative exertion on this point; if Congress proceed thus to act in the very spirit of liberty, it is at once charged with aiming to extend slave labor into all the Territories of the United States.

Of course, these imputations on the intentions of Congress in this respect, conceived as they were in prejudice, and disseminated in passion, are utterly destitute of any justification in the nature of things, and contrary to all the fundamental doctrines and principles of civil liberty and self government.

While therefore, in general, the people of the Northern States, have never, at any time, arrogated for the federal government the power to interfere directly with the domestic condition of persons in the Southern States, but on the contrary have disavowed all such intentions, and have shrunk from conspicuous affiliation with those few who pursue their fanatical objects avowedly through the contemplated means of revolutionary change of the government, and with acceptance of the necessary consequences—a civil and servile war—yet many citizens have suffered themselves to be drawn into one evanescent political issue of agitation after another, appertaining to the same set of opinions, and which subsided as rapidly as they arose when it came to be seen, as it uniformly did, that they were incompatible with the compacts of the Constitution and the existence of the Union.

Thus, when the acts of some of the States to nullify the existing extradition law imposed upon Congress the duty of passing a new one, the country was invited by agitators to enter into party organization for its repeal; but that agitation speedily ceased by reason of the impracticability of its object. So, when the statute restriction upon the institutions of new States, by a geographical line, had been repealed, the country was urged to demand its restoration, and that project also died almost with its birth. Then followed the cry of alarm from the North against imputed Southern encroachments, which cry sprang in reality from the spirit of revolutionary attack on the domestic institutions of the South, and, after a troubled existence of a few months, has been rebuked by the voice of a patriotic people.

Of this last agitation, one lamentable feature was, that it was carried on at the immediate expense of the peace and happiness of the people of the Territory of Kansas. That was made the battle-field, not so much of opposing factions or interests within itself, as of the conflicting passions of the whole people of the United States.—Revolutionary disorder in Kansas had its origin in projects of intervention, deliberately arranged by certain members of that Congress, which enacted the laws for the organization of the Territory. And when propagandist colonization of Kansas has thus been undertaken in one section of the Union, for the systematic promotion of its peculiar views of policy, there ensued, as a matter of course, a counter-action with opposite views, in other sections of the Union.

In consequence of these and other incidents many acts of disorder it is undeniable, have been perpetrated in Kansas, to the occasional interruption, rather than the permanent suspension, of regular government. Aggressive and most reprehensible incursions into the territory were undertaken, both in the North and the South, and entered it on its northern border by the way of Iowa, as well as on the eastern by way of Missouri; and there has existed within it a state of insurrection against the constituted authorities, not without countenance from inconsiderate persons in each of the great sections of the Union. But the difficulties in that territory have been extravagantly exaggerated for purposes of political agitation *elsewhere*. The number and gravity of the acts of violence have been magnified partly by state, mean entirely untrue, and partly by reiterated accounts of the same rumors or facts. Thus the territory has been seemingly filled with extreme violence, when the whole amount of such acts has not been greater than what occasionally passes before us in single cities to the regret of all good citizens, but without being regarded as of general or permanent political consequence.

Imputed irregularities in the elections had in Kansas, like occasional irregularities of the same description in the States, were beyond the sphere of action of the Executive. But incidents of actual violence or of organized obstruction of law, pertinaciously renewed from time to time, have been met as they occurred, by such means as were available and as the circumstances required; and nothing of this character now remains to affect the general peace of the Union. The attempt of a part of the inhabitants of the Territory to erect a revolutionary government, though sedulously encouraged and supplied with pecuniary aid from active agents of disorder in some of the States, has completely failed. Bodies of armed men, foreign to the Territory, have been prevented from entering or compelled to leave it. Predatory bands, engaged in acts of rapine, under cover of the existing political disturbances, have been arrested or dispersed. And every well disposed person is now enabled once more to devote himself in peace to the pursuits of prosperous industry, for the prosecution of which he undertook to participate in the settlement of the Territory.

It affords me unmingled satisfaction thus to announce the peaceful condition of things in Kansas, especially considering the means to which it was necessary to have recourse for the attainment of the end, namely, the employment of a part of the military force of the United States. The withdrawal of that force from its proper duty of defending the country against foreign foes or the ravages of the frontier, to employ it for the suppression of domestic insurrection, is, when the exigency occurs, a matter of the most earnest solicitude. On this occasion of imperative necessity it has been done with the best results, and my satisfaction in the attainment of such results by such means is greatly enhanced by the consideration, that, through the wisdom and energy of the present Executive of Kansas, and the prudence, firmness and vigilance of the military officers on duty there, tranquility has been restored without one drop of blood having been shed in its accomplishment by the *forces* of the United States.

The restoration of comparative tranquility in that Territory furnishes the means of observing calmly, and appreciating at their just value, the events which have occurred there, and the discussions of which the government of the Territory has been the subject.

We perceive that controversy concerning its future domestic institutions was inevitable; that no human prudence, no form of legislation, no wisdom on the part of Congress, could have prevented this.

It is idle to suppose that the particular provisions of their organic law were the cause of agitation. Those provisions were but the occasion or the pretext of an agitation, which was inherent in the nature of things. Congress legislated upon the subject in such terms as were most consonant with the principle of popular sovereignty which underlies our government. It could not have legislated otherwise without doing violence to another great principle of our institutions, the imprescriptible right of equality of the several States.

We perceive, also, that sectional interests and party passions, have been the great impediment to the salutary operation of the organic principles adopted, and the chief cause of the successive disturbances in Kansas. The assumption that, because in the organization of the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas, Congress abstained from imposing restraints upon them to which certain other Territories had been subject, therefore disorders occurred in the latter Territory, is emphatically contradicted by the fact that none have occurred in the former. Those disorders were not the consequence, in Kansas, of the freedom of self-government conceded to that Territory by Congress, but of unjust interference on the part of persons not inhabitants of the Territory. Such interference, wherever it has exhibited itself, by acts of insurrectionary character, or of obstruction to processes of law, has been repelled or suppressed, by all the means which the Constitution and the laws place in the hands of the Executive.

In those parts of the United States where, by reason of the inflamed state of the public mind, false rumors and misrepresentations have the greatest currency, it has been assumed that it was the duty of the Executive not only to suppress insurrectionary movements in Kansas, but also to see to the regularity of local elections. It needs little argument to show that the President has no such power. All government in the United States rests substantially upon popular election. The freedom of elections is liable to be impaired by the intrusion of unlawful votes, or the exclusion of lawful ones, by improper influences, by violence, or by fraud.

But the people of the United States are themselves the all-sufficient guardians of their own rights, and to suppose that they will not remedy, in due season, any such incidents of civil freedom, is to suppose them to have ceased to be capable of self-government. The President of the United States has not power to interpose in elections, to see to their freedom, to canvass their votes, or to pass upon their legality in the territories any more than in the States. If he had such power the government might be republican in form, but it would be a monarchy in fact; and if he had undertaken to exercise it in the case of Kansas, he would have been justly subject to the charge of usurpation, and of violation of the dearest rights of the people of the United States.

Unwise laws, equally with irregularities at elections, are, in periods of great excitement, the occasional incidents of even the freest and best political institutions. But all experience demonstrates that in a country like ours, where the right of self constitution exists in the completest form, the attempt to remedy unwise legislation by resort to revolution, is totally out of place; inasmuch as existing legal institutions afford more prompt and efficacious means for the redress of wrong.

I confidently trust that now, when the peaceful condition of Kansas affords opportunity for calm reflection and wise legislation, either the legislative assembly of the Territory, or Congress, will see that no act shall remain on its statute book violative of the provisions of the Constitution, or subversive of the great objects for which that was ordained and established, and will take all other necessary steps to secure to its inhabitants the enjoyment, without obstruction or abridgement, of all the constitutional rights, privileges, and immunities of citizens of the United States, as contemplated by the organic law of the Territory.

Full information in relation to recent events in this territory will be found in the documents communicated herewith from the Departments of State and War.

I refer you to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury for particular information concerning the financial condition of the government, and the various branches of the public service connected with the Treasury Department.

During the last fiscal year the receipts from customs were, for the first time, more than sixty-four million dollars, and from all sources, seventy-three million nine hundred and eighteen thousand one hundred and forty-one dollars; which with the balance on hand up to the 1st of July, 1855, made the total resources of the year to amount to ninety-two million eight hundred and fifty thousand one hundred and seventeen dollars. The expenditures, including three million dollars in execution of the treaty with Mexico, and excluding sums paid on account of the public debt, amounted to sixty-million one hundred and seventy-two thousand four hundred and one dollars; and, including the latter, to seventy-two million nine hundred and forty-eight thousand seven hundred and ninety-two dollars, the payment on this account having amounted to twelve million seven hundred and seventy six thousand three hundred and ninety dollars.

On the 4th of March, 1853, the amount of the public debt was sixty nine million one hundred and twenty nine thousand nine hundred and thirty seven dollars. There was a subsequent increase of two million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the debt of Texas—making a total of seventy-one million eight hundred and seventy-nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven dollars. Of this the sum of forty five million five hundred and twenty-five thousand three hundred and nineteen dollars, including premium, has been discharged, reducing the debt to thirty million seven hundred and thirty-seven thousand one hundred and twenty-nine dollars; all which might be paid within a year without embarrassing the public service, but being not yet due, and only redeemable at the option of the holder, cannot be pressed to payment by the government.

On examining the expenditures of the last five years, it will be seen that the average, deducting payments on account of the public debt and ten millions paid by treaty to Mexico, has been but about forty-eight million dollars. It is believed that, under an economical administration of the government, the average expenditure for the ensuing five years will not exceed that sum, unless extraordinary occasion for its increase should occur. The acts granting bounty lands will soon have been executed, while the extension of our frontier settlements will cause a continued demand for lands and augmented receipts, probably, from that source. These considerations will justify a reduction of the revenue from customs, so as not to exceed forty-eight or fifty million dollars. I think the exigency for such reduction is imperative, and again urge it upon the consideration of Congress.

The amount of reduction, as well as the manner of effecting it, are questions of great and general interest; it being essential to industrial enterprise and the public prosperity, as well as the dictate of obvious justice, that the burden of taxation be made to rest as equally as possible upon all classes and all sections and interests of the country.

I have heretofore recommended to your consideration the revision of the revenue laws, prepared under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury, and also legislation upon some special questions affecting the business of that department, more especially the enactment of a law to punish the abstraction of official books or papers from the files of the government, and requiring all such books and papers and all other public property to be turned over by the out-going officer to his successor; of a law requiring disbursing officers to deposit all public money in the vaults of the treasury or in other legal depositories, where the same are conveniently accessible; and a law to extend existing penal provisions to all persons who may become possessed of public money by deposite or otherwise, and who shall refuse or neglect, on due demand, to pay the same into the treasury. I invite your attention anew to each of these objects.

The army during the past year has been so constantly employed against hostile Indians in various quarters, that it can scarcely be said, with propriety of language, to have been a peace establishment. Its duties have been satisfactorily performed, and we have reason to expect, as a result of the year's operations, greater security to the frontier inhabitants than has been hitherto enjoyed. Extensive combinations among the hostile Indians of the Territories of Washington and Oregon at one time threatened the devastation of the newly formed settlements of that remote portion of the country. From recent information, we are permitted to hope that the energetic and successful operations conducted there will prevent such combinations in future, and secure to those Territories an opportunity to make steady progress in the development of their agricultural and mineral resources.

Legislation has been recommended by me on previous occasions to cure defects in the existing organization, and to increase the efficiency of the army; and further observation has but served to confirm me in the views then expressed, and to enforce on my mind the conviction that such measures are not only proper but necessary.

I have, in addition, to invite the attention of Congress to a change of policy in the distribution of troops, and to the necessity of providing a more rapid increase of the military armament. For details of these and other subjects relating to the army, I refer to the report of the Secretary of War.

The condition of the navy is not merely satisfactory, but exhibits the most gratifying evidences of increased vigor. As it is comparatively small, it is more important that it should be as complete as possible in all the elements of strength; that it should be efficient in the character of its officers, in the zeal and discipline of its men, in the reliability of its ordnance, and in the capacity of its ships. In all these various qualities the navy has made great progress within the last few years. The execution of the law of Congress, of February 28, 1855, "to promote the efficiency of the navy," has been attended by the most advantageous results. The law for promoting discipline among the men is found convenient and salutary. The system of granting an honorable discharge to faithful seamen on the expiration of the period of their enlistment, and permitting them to re-enlist after a leave of absence of a few months, without cessation of pay, is highly beneficial in its influence. The apprentice system recently adopted is evidently destined to incorporate into the service a large number of our countrymen hitherto so difficult to procure. Several hundred American boys are now on a three years' cruise in our national vessels, and will return well trained seamen. In the ordnance department there is a decided and gratifying indication of progress creditable to it and to the country. The suggestions of the Secretary of the Navy in regard to further improvement in that branch of the service, I commend to your favorable action.

The new frigates ordered by Congress are now afloat, and two of them in active service. They are superior models of naval architecture, and with their formidable battery add largely to public strength and security.

I concur in the views expressed by the Secretary of the Department in favor of a still further increase of our naval force.

The report of the Secretary of the Interior presents facts and views in relation to internal affairs over which the supervision of his department extends, of much interest and importance.

The aggregate sales of the public lands, during the last fiscal year, amount to nine million two hundred and twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight acres; for which has been received the sum of eight millions eight hundred and twenty-one thousand four hundred and fourteen dollars. During the same period there have been located, with military scrip and land warrants, and for other purposes, thirty million one hundred thousand two hundred and thirty acres, thus making a total aggregate of thirty nine million three hundred and twenty eight thousand one hundred and eight acres. On the 30th of September last, surveys had been made of sixteen million eight hundred and seventy-three thousand six hundred and ninety nine acres, a large proportion of which is ready for market.

The suggestions in this report in regard to the compilation and progressive expansion of the business of the different bureaux of the department; to the pension system; to the colonization of Indian tribes, and the recommendations in relation to various improvements in the District of Columbia, are especially commended to your consideration.

The report of the Postmaster General presents fully the condition of that department of the government. Its expenditures for the last fiscal year were ten million four hundred and seven thousand eight hundred and sixty eight dollars; and its gross receipts seven million six hundred and twenty thousand eight hundred and one dollars—making an excess of expenditure over receipts of two million seven hundred and eighty seven thousand and forty six dollars. The deficiency of this department is thus seven hundred and forty four thousand dollars greater than for the year ending June 30, 1855. Of this deficiency, three hundred and thirty thousand dollars is to be attributed to the additional compensation allowed postmasters by the act of Congress of June 22, 1854. The mail facilities in every part of the country have been very much increased in that period, and the large addition of railroad service, amounting to seven thousand nine hundred and eight miles, has added largely to the cost of transportation.

The inconsiderable augmentation of the income of the Post Office Department under the reduced rates of postage, and its increasing expenditures, must, for the present, make it dependent to some extent, upon the treasury for support. The recommendations of the Postmaster General, in relation to the abolition of the franking privilege, and his views on the establishment of mail steamship lines, deserve the consideration of Congress. I also call the special attention of Congress to the statement of the Postmaster General respecting the sums now paid for the transportation of mails to the Panama Railroad Company, and commend to their early and favorable consideration the suggestions of that officer in relation to new contracts for mail transportation upon that route, and also upon the Tehuantepec and Nicaragua routes.

The United States continue in the enjoyment of amicable relations with all foreign powers.

When my last annual message was transmitted to Congress, two subjects of controversy, one relating to the enlistment of soldiers in this country for foreign service, and the other in Central America, threatened to disturb good understanding between the United States and Great Britain. Of the progress and termination of the former questions you were informed at the time; and the other is now in the way of satisfactory adjustment.

The object of the convention between the United States and Great Britain of the 19th of April, 1850, was to secure, for the benefit of all nations, the neutrality and the common use of any transit way, or interoceanic communication, across the isthmus of Panama, which might be opened within the limits of Central America. The pretension subsequently asserted by Great Britain, to dominion or control over territories, in or near two of the routes, those of Nicaragua and Honduras, was deemed by the United States, not merely incompatible with the main object of the treaty, but opposed even to its express stipulations. Occasion of controversy on this point has been removed by an additional treaty, which our minister at London has concluded, and which will be immediately submitted to the Senate for its consideration. Should the proposed supplemental arrangement be concurred in by all the parties to be affected by it, the objects contemplated by the original convention will have been fully attained.

The treaty between the United States and Great Britain, of the 5th of June, 1854, which went into effective operation in 1855, put an end to causes of irritation between the two countries, by securing to the United States the right of fishery on the coast of the British North American provinces, with advantages equal to those enjoyed by British subjects. Besides the signal benefits of this treaty to a large class of our citizens engaged in a pursuit connected to no inconsiderable degree with our national prosperity and strength, it has had a favorable effect upon our interests in the provision it made for reciprocal freedom of trade between the United States and the British provinces in America.

The exports of domestic articles to these provinces during the last year amounted to more than twenty two millions of dollars, exceeding those of the preceding year by nearly seven millions of dollars; and the imports therefrom, during the same period, amounted to more than twenty one millions—an increase of six millions upon those of the previous year.

The improved condition of this branch of our commerce is mainly attributable to the above mentioned treaty.

Provision was made, in the first article of that treaty, for a commission to designate the mouths of rivers to which the common right of fishery, on the coast of the United States and British Provinces, was not to extend. This commission has been employed a part of two seasons, but without much progress in accomplishing the object for which it was instituted, in consequence of a serious difference of opinion between the commissioners, not only as to the precise point where the rivers terminate, but in many instances as to what constitutes a river. These difficulties, however, may be overcome by a resort to the umpirage provided for by the treaty.

The efforts perseveringly prosecuted since the commencement of my administration, to relieve our trade to the Baltic from the exaction of sound dues by Denmark, have not yet been attended with success. Other governments have also sought to obtain a like relief to their commerce, and Denmark was thus induced to propose an arrangement to all the European powers interested in the subject; and the manner in which her proposition was received, warranting her to believe that a satisfactory arrangement with them could soon be concluded, she made a strong appeal to this government for temporary suspension of definite action on its part, in consideration of the embarrassment which might result to her European negotiations by an immediate adjustment of the question with the United States. This request has been acceded to, upon the condition that the sums collected after the 16th of June last, and until the 16th of June next, from vessels and cargoes belonging to our merchants, are to be considered as paid under protest, and subject to future adjustment. There is reason to believe that an arrangement between Denmark and the maritime powers of Europe on the subject, will be soon concluded, and that the pending negotiation with the United States may then be resumed and terminated in a satisfactory manner.

With Spain, no new difficulties have arisen, nor has much progress been made in the adjustment of pending ones.

Negotiations entered into for the purpose of relieving our commercial intercourse with the Island of Cuba of some of its burdens, and providing for the more speedy settlement of local disputes growing out of that intercourse, have not yet been attended with any results.

Soon after the commencement of the late war in Europe, this government submitted to the consideration of all maritime nations, two principles for the security of neutral commerce: one, that the neutral flag should cover enemies' goods, except articles contraband of war; and the other, that neutral property on board merchant vessels of belligerents should be exempt from condemnation, with the exception of contraband articles. These were not presented as new rules of international law, having been generally claimed by neutrals, though not always admitted by belligerents. One of the parties to the war—Russia—as well as several neutral powers, promptly acceded to these propositions; and the two other principal belligerents, Great Britain and France, having consented to observe them for the present occasion, a favorable opportunity seemed to be presented for obtaining a general recognition of them both in Europe and America.

But Great Britain and France, in common with most of the states of Europe, while forbearing to reject, did not affirmatively act upon the overtures of the United States.

While the question was in this position, the representatives of Russia, France, Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, Sardinia, and Turkey, assembled at Paris, took into consideration the subject of maritime rights, and put forth a declaration containing the two principles which this government had submitted, nearly two years before, to the consideration of maritime powers, and adding thereto the following propositions: "Privateering is and remains abolished;" and "Blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective, that is to say, maintained by a force, sufficient really to prevent access to the coast of the enemy;" and to the declaration thus composed of four points, two of which had already been proposed by the United States, this government has been invited to accede by all the powers represented at Paris, except Great Britain and Turkey.

To the last of the two additional propositions—that in relation to blockades—there can certainly be no objection. It is merely the definition of what shall constitute the effectual investment of a blockaded place, a definition for which this government has always contended, claiming indemnity for losses where a practical violation of the rule thus defined has been injurious to our commerce. As to the remaining article of the declaration of the conference of Paris, "that privateering is and remains abolished,"—I certainly cannot ascribe to the powers represented in the conference of Paris, any but liberal and philanthropic views in the attempt to change the unquestionable rule of maritime law in regard to privateering. Their proposition was doubtless intended to imply approval of the principle that private property upon the ocean, although it might belong to the citizens of a belligerent State, should be exempted from capture; and had that proposition been so framed as to give full effect to the principle, it would have received my ready assent on behalf of the United States. But the measure proposed is inadequate to that purpose. It is true that if adopted private property upon the ocean would be withdrawn from one mode of plunder, but left exposed, meanwhile, to another mode, which could be used with increased effectiveness. The aggressive capacity of great naval powers would be thereby augmented, while the defensive ability of others would be reduced.

Though the surrender of the means of prosecuting hostilities by employing privateers, as proposed by the conference of Paris, is mutual in terms, yet, in practical effect, it would be the relinquishment of a right of little value to one class of States, but of essential importance to another and far larger class. It ought not to have been anticipated that a measure, so inadequate to the accomplishment of the proposed object, and so unequal in its operation, would receive the assent of all maritime powers. Private property would be still left to the depredations of the public armed cruisers.

I have expressed a readiness on the part of this government, to accede to all the principles contained in the declaration of the conference of Paris, provided that relating to the abandonment of privateering can be so amended as to effect the object for which, as is presumed, it was intended, the immunity of private property on the ocean from hostile capture. To effect this object, it is proposed to add to the declaration that "privateering is and remains abolished," the following amendment: "And that the private property of subjects and citizens of a belligerent on the high seas, shall be exempt from seizure by the public armed vessels of the other belligerent, except it be contraband." This amendment has been presented not only to the powers which have asked our assent to the declaration to abolish privateering, but to all other maritime states. Thus far it has not been rejected by any, and is favorably entertained by all which have made any communication in reply.

Several of the governments, regarding with favor the proposition of the United States, have delayed definitive action upon it, only for the purpose of consulting with others, parties to the conference of Paris. I have the satisfaction of stating, however, that the Emperor of Russia has entirely and explicitly approved of that modification, and will co-operate in endeavoring to obtain the assent of other powers; and that assurances of a similar purport have been received in relation to the disposition of the Emperor of the French.

The present aspect of this important subject allows us to cherish the hope that a principle so humane in its character, so just and equal in its operation, so essential to the prosperity of commercial nations, and so consonant to the sentiments of this enlightened period of the world, will commend the approbation of all maritime powers, and thus be incorporated into the code of international law.

My views on the subject are more fully set forth in the reply of the Secretary of State, a copy of which is herewith transmitted, to the communications on the subject made to this government, especially to the communication of France.

The government of the United States has at all times regarded with friendly interest the other States of America, formerly, like this country, European colonies, and now independent members of the great family of nations. But the unsettled condition of some of them, distracted by frequent revolutions, and thus incapable of regular and firm internal administration, has tended to embarrass occasionally our public intercourse, by reason of w

that stage of the national career, in which the dangers to be encountered, and the exertions to be made, are the incidents, not of weakness, but of strength. In our foreign relations we have to attemper our power to the less happy condition of other republics in America, and to place ourselves in the calmness and conscious dignity of rightly by the side of the greatest and wealthiest of the empires of Europe.

In our domestic relations, we have to guard against the shock of the discontents, the ambitions, the interests, and the exuberant, and, therefore sometimes irregular impulses of opinion, or of action, which are the natural product of the present political elevation, the self-reliance and the restless spirit of enterprise of the people of the United States.

I shall prepare to surrender the Executive trust to my successor, and retire to private life with sentiments of profound gratitude to the good Providence which, during the period of my administration, has vouchsafed to carry the country through many difficulties, domestic and foreign, and to enable me to contemplate the spectacle of amicable and respectful relations between ours and all other governments, and the establishment of constitutional order and tranquility throughout the Union. FRANKLIN PIERCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec 2, 1856.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

At market 550 Beeves, 100 Stores, 800 Sheep and Lambs, and 1[illegible] Swine.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00; first quality, $7,25 @ $7,50; second do $7,00; third do $6@$6,50.

Working Cattle—$[illegible] each.

Milch Cows—$[illegible], $[illegible], $[illegible], common $[illegible].

Veal Calves—$[illegible].

Yearlings—$[illegible].

Two years old—$[illegible].

Three years old—$[illegible].

Hides—Whole @ 7c lb.

Calf Skins—[illegible] @ 9c lb.

Tallow—[illegible]; rough —@ 3c lb.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra $[illegible]; in lots $1,75@2.

Pelts—$[illegible] each.

Swine—In lots 7c; for Hogs, undressed, 9c; still fat dull; corn fed 9c lb.

REMARKS—Market is dull, the weather being warm. But few buyers at market, and prices of Beef 50c @ 1[illegible] lower, owing probably to the large quantity of Poultry at market.

EPITAPH.—The late Sternhold Oakes was rather eccentric, and offered a reward for the best epitaph for his grave. Several tried for the prize, but they flattered him too much, he thought. At last he tried for himself, and the following was the result:

"Here lies the body of Sternhold Oakes,
Who lived and died like other folks,
And bought his clothes of Grasville Stokes."

This was satisfactory, and the old gentleman claimed the reward, which, as he had the paying of it himself, was of course received. No. 39 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A FRIEND IN NEED, is the Balsam of Wild Cherry to those who are afflicted with bronchial troubles or asthma. Its magical power over these diseases has rendered Dr. Wistar's Balsam wherever pulmonary complaints are known.

RHYME AND REASON.—
If you're careless in clothes,
And want to get those
That will make you a scarecrow to frighten the crows,
Then go to the shops
Where they've ready-made "slops."

But if you would get a handsome, well-fitting article at the lowest possible to your taste and becoming to your person, patronize Brown's Stone Clothing Store of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut street, above Sixth, Philadelphia.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE WINTER.—Persons of either sex may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 Nassau Street, New York. nov22-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, exposure to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut street, Philadelphia. oct1-tf

A REMARKABLE CURE OF INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

Greenville, Green Co., Tenn.,
July 31, 1856.

Dr. D. Jayne,
Dear Sir:

I hope you will not take it amiss to receive a letter from a friend at a distance, informing you of the [illegible] of your Family Medicines—the Alterative. In December last, one of my sons was taken with a violent pain in his hip, and we thought he would not live. His family physician was called in, and pronounced his ailing Inflammatory Rheumatism. The doctor attended him for the space of [illegible] weeks, he still got worse every day. For six weeks he could not be moved to his bed, but thank God his recovery was one of your almanacs, and found a case [illegible], whose disease was the same as my son's. She [illegible] what to do, but got one of his brothers to [illegible] him, and if he was willing to quit the doctors and try [illegible] relatives, we would procure some for him. He [illegible] and we bought six bottles of it. Before six [illegible] he was up and since easy. I think it was eighteen [illegible] of, and then stopped us. He is now going [illegible] but still is slightly lame. I believe if he had [illegible] the better, and not have been [illegible] in his grave at this time, but with the blessing [illegible] help of your medicine, will soon be now in the [illegible] of the living.

[illegible] present, I remain your friend and well wisher in health, [illegible] SUTTER HARRISON, Sr.

Dr. D. Jayne's Alterative is prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, and for sale by their agents throughout the United States. nov29-4t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thanksgiving day, at the residence of Stephen Woolman, Pellington, Pa., by Friends' Ceremony, WALLACE H. SCOTT, of Philadelphia, to SUSAN S. WOOLSTON, of the former place.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. JOHN HUGGINS, of this city, to Miss MARY A. CAMERON, of Chester county.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. D. B. Cooper, Mr. [illegible] W. STEWART, to Miss CAROLINE MATTHEWS, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. A. J. Wright, Mr. JOHN [illegible] ENDERS, to Miss SUSAN E. HELMS, of Lebanon county.

On the 11th ultimo, by the Rev. William Cruse, Mr. ROBERT VINNEE, to Miss JOSEPHINE HOMER, both of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. [illegible] A. GRANT, of this city, to Miss ANNA S. HENDERSON, of Atlantic county, N. J.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. [illegible] H. REEVES, to Miss SALLIE A. WOOD, both of Philadelphia.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. John R. Deles, D. D., Mr. JAMES WATSON, to Miss REBECCA STEWART, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. L. H. Christian, Mr. [illegible] PARRINGTON, of this city, to Miss CATHARINE F. [illegible] of James M. Rambo, of Del. county, Pa.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Lewis Chessman, D. D., Mr. JOSEPH HEARSTEN, to MARGARET J. CAMPBELL, all of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. [illegible] DEAL, to Miss MARY RICHARDS.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. William Barnes, Mr. [illegible] DAWSON, of Downingtown, Pa. to Miss ELIZABETH [illegible], of Wernersville, Pa.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. William Urie, Mr. JESSE [illegible]PSON, to Miss ANNA E. H. MARSHALL.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. William McCombs, Mr. [illegible] K. SOMERSERGER, to Miss ANNIE L. RICHARDSON, all of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ultimo, in West Philadelphia, by the Rt. Rev. [illegible], of Bethlehem, his son, HENRY H. WOLLE, to [illegible] of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph F. Berg, Mr. [illegible] MUTSCH, to Miss ELLEN O. BURR, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. Samuel A. Durbrow, Mr. [illegible] ENGELMAN, to Miss MARY CASSEL, both of Lancaster county, Pa.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. [illegible] STEWARD, to Miss MARY J. LAYLIN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 9th ultimo, by the Rev. William Wallace, Mr. [illegible] SHIPMAN, to Miss MARY J. BAKER, daughter of Mr. [illegible] Baker, both of this city.

On the 13th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. [illegible] FELIX, to Miss ELIZABETH S. JENKINS, both of Camden, N. J.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. William Ramsey, D. D., Mr. GEORGE ROBESON, to Miss MARY A. HAZLETT, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ All Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In this city, on the 29th ultimo, FRANK CATHCART, aged 2 years, [illegible] months, and 29 days, son of Wm. M. and Ann M. [illegible].

On the 30th ultimo, MARGARET, daughter of Geo. and Esther [illegible].

On the 30th ultimo, ISABELLE, wife of George Boulter, aged [illegible] years.

On the 30th ultimo, ANNA CATHARINE, daughter of Henry [illegible], aged 14 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. JANET MCCREE, aged 80 years.

On the 30th ultimo, PARKER DOYLE, aged 21 years.

On the 30th ultimo, ELIZA, wife of Daniel Webster, aged [illegible] years.

On the 30th ultimo, SARAH JANE, daughter of Michael and [illegible] Sheridan, aged [illegible] years.

On the 30th ultimo, Rev. D. SUTER, aged 29 years.

On the 30th ultimo, MARY PARKER.

On the 30th ultimo, RICHARD DAVIS, aged 2 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. MARGARET BURNS, aged 67 years.

On the 30th ultimo, EDWARD, son of Jerome and Mary A. [illegible], aged [illegible] years.

On the 30th ultimo, WILLIAM GALLAGHER, aged 27 years.

On the 30th ultimo, Mr. ANDREW OAKLEY, aged [illegible] years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. REESE, aged 85 years.

On the 25th ultimo, HARRIET, wife of Henry Lewis, Esq.

On the 25th ultimo, GEORGE F. TAYLOR, aged 8 years.

On the 25th ultimo, Mrs. HARRIET CAMPBELL, aged 42 years.

On the 25th ultimo, ROBERT BUTLER, Jr., aged 17 years and 4 months.

On the 25th ultimo, KATE KREBING, adopted daughter of Jas. and Margaret Fegely, aged 8 years.

On the 24th ultimo, [illegible] REILLY, wife of Wm. Toy, aged 24.

On the 24th ultimo, FANNIE, wife of Alex. Montgomery, aged [illegible] years.

On the 23d ultimo, JOSEPHINE, daughter of Henry and Sarah [illegible], aged 6 years.

On the 23d ultimo, JAMES JEROME, son of Alex. and Jeanette [illegible], aged 3 months.

On the 24th ultimo, Mrs. SUSANNA SMITH, aged 83 years.

On the 23d ultimo, KEZIA JANE, daughter of Peter and Mar[illegible], aged 25 years.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. HARRIET APPLEGATE, aged 56.

On the 23d ultimo, Mrs. ELIZABETH DORSEY, of Camden, N. J., on the 23d ultimo.

On the 24th ultimo, WARREN KELLER, son of Samuel and [illegible], aged 15 years.

On the 24th ultimo, LIZZIE T. daughter of Chas. and Emeline [illegible], aged 3 years.

On the 24th ultimo, NANCY CULBERTSON, aged 58 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. WILLIAM HAYES, aged 63 years.

On the 24th ultimo, Mr. D. HAUFMAN, aged 45 years.

NO WANTS A GOOD COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR—one that is free from all errors, obscurity, &c. &c. Send for VANCOURT'S, published at 93 Arch Street, Philadelphia, at 81 a year, or 10 cents a number. It is alphabetically arranged, and has a [illegible] number out.

CONSUMPTIVE'S LAST HOPE!—Hundreds of persons in this country are being cured of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. &c., by the use of DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY. Extensively had cases of bronchitis, asthma, consumption, &c. cured in one or two bottles. It is, also, a ready remedy for nervous debility and all complaints of weakness, or general throughout the system of the female constitution, for the reminiscence of 81 to DR. SWAYNE, No. 1[illegible] Arch street, New York, have a large bottle sent to any part of the world (never can be required, charge at his rooms, [illegible] A. M., to 4, P. M., or by letter, stating full [illegible] all chronic diseases. 8

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

ASHES—
Pots ₩ 100 lbs $7 25 @ —
Pearls " 8 25 @ —

BOTTLES—
Bristol pints 5 — @ 5 50
Do wine 5 — @ 5 75

BARK—Quercitron—
1st No 1 ₩ ton — — @41 —
1st No 2 " — — @31 —
Quality " — — @27 —
Sq Oak ₩ cord 15 — @ —
Chestnut " 12 — @ —

BEESWAX—Duty 20 ₩ ct.
Am yellow ₩ lb 27 @28
Do white 28 @30

BRISTLES—Duty 5 ₩ ct.
American — 30 @ — 35
Russia, Okatka 25 @ 1 35
lots and 2ds — 40 @ 1 60
Siberian — 30 @ 1 —
Hoss Hair — 31 @ — 34

BRUSHES—
Crackers ₩ lb 5 @ 7
Pilot 4 @ 5
Navy 3 @ 4

CANDLES—Duty 24 ₩ ct.
Sperm ₩ lb 40 @ —
Adamantine 28 @ 30
Tallow 14 @ 15

COAL—Duty 20 ₩ ct.
Schuylkill ₩
A lump ₩ ton 4 — @ 4 10
Prepared 4 62 @ 4 75
Broken 4 — @ 4 10
Lehigh lump 4 50 @ —
Prepared 4 50 @ 4 75
By retail do 4 75 @ 5 —
Schuyl prepared 4 50 @ 4 75

COCOA—Duty 10 ₩ ct.
Caracas — 15 @ 17
Maracaibo — 12 @ — 15
Trinidad — 7 @ — 8

COFFEE Cuba lb 11 @ —
Java — 14 @ — 14½
Laguayra — 10½@ — 11½
Maracaibo — 11 @ — 11½
Porto Rico — 11 @ — 11½
Rio — 10 @ — 12
St Domingo — 10½@ — 11

COPPER—
Sheathing — 28 @ — 29
Yellow Metal — 22 @ — 24
Old Copper — 22 @ — 24

CORDAGE—
Tarred Cordage — 13 @ — 14

CORKS—Duty 25 ₩ ct.
Velvet quarts
₩ gross — 50 @ — 62
Do pints — 35 @ — 42

COTTON—Duty free
New Orleans and
Mobile ₩ lb — @ —
Ordinary 11 @12
Middling to good mid 12 @13
Middling fair 14 @14½
Fair to good fair 14½@15
Choice 16 @ —
Upland ord to mid 11 @11½
Do mid to mid fair 12 @13
Do fair to good fair 13½@14½

DRUGS AND DYES—
Aloes ₩ — 14 @ — 15
Alum — 2½@ — 2¾
Arsenic — 3½ @ — 3¾
Antimony Cr — 3½ @ — 4½
—Regulus — 27 @ —
Arsenic pow — 2½@ — 2½
Argols — 15 @ — 32
Arrow Root
—Bermuda — 20 @ —
—Jamaica — 12½@ — 15
—Potato — 6 @ — 6½
Annatto lib — 10 @ — 17
Balsam Copavia — 45 @ — 47
Balsam Tolu — 45 @ — 45
—Peruvian 1 87½@2 —
Berries, Persian — 15 @ — 20
Bi-carb Potash — — @ — 17½
Blea. lime Pow — 4½@ — 5
Borax, refined — 28 @ — 29
Brimstone, ₩'d ton 50 @52
—Roll lb — 2½@ — 3½
Flowers Sulp — 4½@ — 5
Camphor, ₩'d — 27 @ —
—refined — 27 @ — 28
Cantharides 1 85 @ —
Chamomile Flo'r — 37 @ — 40
Cochineal, Hon — 1 12 @ —
—Mexican 1 17 @ 1 20
Copperas, Am — — @ — 1
Cream Tartar — 28 @ — 34
Cubebs — 22 @ — 25
Catech — 10 @ — 11
Gamboge — 35 @ — 40
Gum Arabic
—Sorts — 12 @ — 15
—Turkey — 28 @ — 33
—Copal — 13 @ — 18
—Sandrac — 11 @ — 13
—Trag'th sris — 18 @ — 25
—Flake — 50 @ — 55
—Myrrh — 18 @ — 20
—Senegal — 12 @ — 18
Ipecacuanha 1 75 @ 1 80
Indigo — 65 @ — 75
Juniper Berries — 4 @ — 5
Jalap — 38 @ — 38
Lac Dye — 20 @ — 25
Liverpool Sco — 18 @ — 20
—Calabria — 25 @ — 34
Madder, Dutch — 10 @ — 11
—Marseilles — 9 @ — 10
Manna, Flake 1 — @ —
—Small Flake — 60 @ — —
—Sorts — 40 @ — 44
Nitrate of Soda — 4 @ — 4½
Nut Galls — 29 @ — 30
Oil of Anise 4 50 @ 5 —
Castor, call 1 10 @ 1 12
—E. I. 1 30 @ — —
—Peppermint 2 50 @ 2 —
—Spearmint 2 50 @ 2 75
—Bergamot 2 50 @ 2 75
—Lemon 2 — @ 2 12½
—Cassia 2 50 @ 2 75
—Lavender S — 40 @ — 70
—Sand — 80 @ — —
—Neat 1 85 @ 1 87
—Dandelion lb — 40 @ — —
Opium, Turkey 5 25 @ 5 31½
Oils of Rose, oz 3 — @ 3 —
Oxalic Acid — 21 @ — 22
Phosphorus — 37 @ 1 —
Pink Root — 25 @ — 30
Prussiate of Pot'sh — 30 @ — 33
Quicksilver ₩ — 58 @ — —
Rhubarb, E I — 90 @ 1 25
Saleratus — 2½@ — 3
Sal Soda 1 42½@ 1 87½
Senna, Alexan — 45 @ — 50
Snake Root — 60 @ — —
Salts, Epsom — 2½@ — 3
Rochelle — 18 @ — 20
Sarsaparilla — 12 @ — 28
Sponge, coarse — 15 @ — 18
—fine, Medit — 50 @ 2 25
Soda Ash — 2½@ — 3
Sugar of Lead — 14 @ — 15
Sulph Quinine 2 25 @ 2 30
Tartaric Acid — 42 @ — 44
Verdigris lb — 45 @ — 47
Vitriol, blue — 10 @ — 11
Vanilla Beans 16 — @30 —
DUCK, Duty 30 per ct
Russia, Alex 16 — @18 —
D Bruguas — 15 — @16 —
—No 1 — 12 — @14 —
—Heavy Rav — 7 — @ — 17½
—Imp'd do — 8 — @ 9 —
DYE WOODS—
Brazilletto, ton 24 — @ —
Camwood — 65 — @ 1 —
Fustic, Tampi — 20 — @ — —
—Maracaibo — 18 — @ — —
Logwood Camp — 25 — @30 —
—St Domingo — 21 — @22 —
—Jamaica 17 50 @18 —

FEATHERS—
American fair and
good — 55 @ — —
FISH—
Mack'l, No 1 Shore 10 00 @10 50
— No 2 — 9 50 @10 00
— No 3 — 6 — @ 7 —
Herring, pickled, ₩ bbl 4 75 @ 5 25
Herring, box — 28 @ — 40
Herring, scaled — 45 @ — 50
Dry Cod, 112 lbs 3 00 @ —
Oil of Cod — 37½@ — 40
FLOUR AND MEAL—
Penna, bbls 6 75 @ 6 87½
—extra " 7 — @ 7 12½
Western " 6 75 @ 6 87½
Brandywine " 7 25 @ — —
Ohio, do — — @10 —
Georgia do — 6 @ 6 25
Meal, Corn 5 — @ 5 00
Rye 4 50 @ 4 75
Middlings 5 — @ 5 00
Rye Flour 4 50 @ — —
Corn Meal, Pa 3 12½@ 3 25
—Brandywine 3 50 @ — —
—Puncheons 15 — @16 —
FRUIT—
Raisins bunch box 3 25 @ 3 50
half boxes — 1 75 @ — —
qr boxes — 1 — @ — —
kegs 13 — @14 —
Ginger per lb — 8½@ — 9
Citron — 20 @ — 22
Oranges bxes — 5 — @ — —
Lemons — 5 — @ — —
Grapes qf box — 3 — @10 —
Currants, Zante
₩ lb — 15 @ — 20
Figs, Smyrna — 10 @ — 13
Almonds, soft
shelled — 20 @ — 25
—hard shelled — 8 @ — 10
Apples, d'd lb — 6 @ — 7
Peaches, unpared — 7 @ — 10
Do pared — 15 @ — —
Groundnuts, bu'l 1 25 @ 1 50
Cranberries, — 10 @ — 12½

FURS—
Beaver, Santa
Fe lb 1 50 @ 2 —
Rocky Mt 2 — @ 2 50
Muskrat Skins, — 8 @ — 9½
Nutria — 25 @ — 30
Raccoon — 25 @ — 30

GINSENG—Duty 10 ₩ ct.
Crude — 41 @ —
Clarified — 50 @ — —

GRAIN—
Columbian 55 — @ 60 —
Peruvian 55 — @60 —
—Spartan 1 87½@2 —

Berries, Persian — 15 @ — 20
Bi-carb Potash — — @ — 17½
Blea. lime Pow — 4½@ — 5
Borax, refined — 28 @ — 29
Brimstone, ₩'d ton 50 @52
—Roll lb — 2½@ — 3½
Flowers Sulp — 4½@ — 5
Camphor, ₩'d — 27 @ —
—refined — 27 @ — 28
Cantharides 1 85 @ —
Chamomile Flo'r — 37 @ — 40
Cochineal, Hon — 1 12 @ —
—Mexican 1 17 @ 1 20
Copperas, Am — — @ — 1
Cream Tartar — 28 @ — 34
Cubebs — 22 @ — 25
Catech — 10 @ — 11
Gamboge — 35 @ — 40
Gum Arabic
—Sorts — 12 @ — 15
—Turkey — 28 @ — 33
—Copal — 13 @ — 18
—Sandrac — 11 @ — 13
—Trag'th sris — 18 @ — 25
—Flake — 50 @ — 55
—Myrrh — 18 @ — 20
—Senegal — 12 @ — 18
Ipecacuanha 1 75 @ 1 80
Indigo — 65 @ — 75
Juniper Berries — 4 @ — 5
Jalap — 38 @ — 38
Lac Dye — 20 @ — 25
Liverpool Sco — 18 @ — 20
—Calabria — 25 @ — 34
Madder, Dutch — 10 @ — 11
—Marseilles — 9 @ — 10
Manna, Flake 1 — @ —
—Small Flake — 60 @ — —
—Sorts — 40 @ — 44
Nitrate of Soda — 4 @ — 4½
Nut Galls — 29 @ — 30
Oil of Anise 4 50 @ 5 —
Castor, call 1 10 @ 1 12
—E. I. 1 30 @ — —
—Peppermint 2 50 @ 2 —
—Spearmint 2 50 @ 2 75
—Bergamot 2 50 @ 2 75
—Lemon 2 — @ 2 12½
—Cassia 2 50 @ 2 75
—Lavender S — 40 @ — 70
—Sand — 80 @ — —
—Neat 1 85 @ 1 87
—Dandelion lb — 40 @ — —
Opium, Turkey 5 25 @ 5 31½
Oils of Rose, oz 3 — @ 3 —
Oxalic Acid — 21 @ — 22
Phosphorus — 37 @ 1 —
Pink Root — 25 @ — 30
Prussiate of Pot'sh — 30 @ — 33
Quicksilver ₩ — 58 @ — —
Rhubarb, E I — 90 @ 1 25
Saleratus — 2½@ — 3
Sal Soda 1 42½@ 1 87½
Senna, Alexan — 45 @ — 50
Snake Root — 60 @ — —
Salts, Epsom — 2½@ — 3
Rochelle — 18 @ — 20
Sarsaparilla — 12 @ — 28
Sponge, coarse — 15 @ — 18
—fine, Medit — 50 @ 2 25
Soda Ash — 2½@ — 3
Sugar of Lead — 14 @ — 15
Sulph Quinine 2 25 @ 2 30
Tartaric Acid — 42 @ — 44
Verdigris lb — 45 @ — 47
Vitriol, blue — 10 @ — 11
Vanilla Beans 16 — @30 —
DUCK, Duty 30 per ct
Russia, Alex 16 — @18 —
D Bruguas — 15 — @16 —
—No 1 — 12 — @14 —
—Heavy Rav — 7 — @ — 17½
—Imp'd do — 8 — @ 9 —
DYE WOODS—
Brazilletto, ton 24 — @ —
Camwood — 65 — @ 1 —
Fustic, Tampi — 20 — @ — —
—Maracaibo — 18 — @ — —
Logwood Camp — 25 — @30 —
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FEATHERS—
American fair and
good — 55 @ — —
FISH—
Mack'l, No 1 Shore 10 00 @10 50
— No 2 — 9 50 @10 00
— No 3 — 6 — @ 7 —
Herring, pickled, ₩ bbl 4 75 @ 5 25
Herring, box — 28 @ — 40
Herring, scaled — 45 @ — 50
Dry Cod, 112 lbs 3 00 @ —
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FLOUR AND MEAL—
Penna, bbls 6 75 @ 6 87½
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Western " 6 75 @ 6 87½
Brandywine " 7 25 @ — —
Ohio, do — — @10 —
Georgia do — 6 @ 6 25
Meal, Corn 5 — @ 5 00
Rye 4 50 @ 4 75
Middlings 5 — @ 5 00
Rye Flour 4 50 @ — —
Corn Meal, Pa 3 12½@ 3 25
—Brandywine 3 50 @ — —
—Puncheons 15 — @16 —
FRUIT—
Raisins bunch box 3 25 @ 3 50
half boxes — 1 75 @ — —
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Ginger per lb — 8½@ — 9
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Oranges bxes — 5 — @ — —
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Currants, Zante
₩ lb — 15 @ — 20
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Almonds, soft
shelled — 20 @ — 25
—hard shelled — 8 @ — 10
Apples, d'd lb — 6 @ — 7
Peaches, unpared — 7 @ — 10
Do pared — 15 @ — —
Groundnuts, bu'l 1 25 @ 1 50
Cranberries, — 10 @ — 12½

FURS—
Beaver, Santa
Fe lb 1 50 @ 2 —
Rocky Mt 2 — @ 2 50
Muskrat Skins, — 8 @ — 9½
Nutria — 25 @ — 30
Raccoon — 25 @ — 30

GINSENG—Duty 10 ₩ ct.
Crude — 41 @ —
Clarified — 50 @ — —

GRAIN—
Columbian 55 — @ 60 —
Peruvian 55 — @60 —
—Spartan 1 87½@2 —

Railroad bars 65 — @ — —
English bar 65 — @70 —
American bar 70 — @75 —
Hoops 50 — @55 —
Boiler plates,
No 1 ₩ lb — 4½@ — 4
No 2 ₩ lb — 4 — @ — —
Anvils, ton 110 — @115 —
Anchors, ton 90 — @100 —
Cast Steel 75 — @80 —

LEAD—
Pig Galena, ₩
lb 6 62 @ — —
—Chester Co 6 25 @ — —
Foreign 6 25 @ — —
Bar 7 — @ 8 —

LEATHER—
Finished Skirting ₩ lb — 31 @ — 34
Spanish Sole, oak — 33 @ — 36
Slaughtered do — 35 @ — 38
Upper, rough side 1 75 @ 2 50
Calf Skins, dos 12 — @30 —

LIME—
Lime, bushel — 12 @ — 38

LUMBER—
Flooring, N C, ₩
M feet 12 — @10 —
White pine 14 — @16 —
Yellow pine 12 — @16 —
Hemlock 7 — @ — —
Spruce dressing 13 — @14 —
Spruce joist 13 — @14 —
Shingles n'v, M 12 — @25 —
Cedar bd in pile M 1 40 @ 1 50
Pickets a'd ft 7 — @ 8 —
Staves w o, M 60 — @65 —
—Hogshead 18 — @52 —
—Barrel 12 — @13 —
Hoops, country 18 — @25 —

MOLASSES—
Muscovado ₩ gal — 27 @ — 28
Trinidad — 7 @ — 8

COFFEE Cuba lb 11 @ —
Java — 14 @ — 14½
Laguayra — 10½@ — 11½
Maracaibo — 11 @ — 11½
Porto Rico — 11 @ — 11½
Rio — 10 @ — 12
St Domingo — 10½@ — 11

COPPER—
Sheathing — 28 @ — 29
Yellow Metal — 22 @ — 24
Old Copper — 22 @ — 24

CORDAGE—
Tarred Cordage — 13 @ — 14

CORKS—Duty 25 ₩ ct.
Velvet quarts
₩ gross — 50 @ — 62
Do pints — 35 @ — 42

COTTON—Duty free
New Orleans and
Mobile ₩ lb — @ —
Ordinary 11 @12
Middling to good mid 12 @13
Middling fair 14 @14½
Fair to good fair 14½@15
Choice 16 @ —
Upland ord to mid 11 @11½
Do mid to mid fair 12 @13
Do fair to good fair 13½@14½

DRUGS AND DYES—
Aloes ₩ — 14 @ — 15
Alum — 2½@ — 2¾
Arsenic — 3½ @ — 3¾
Antimony Cr — 3½ @ — 4½
—Regulus — 27 @ —
Arsenic pow — 2½@ — 2½
Argols — 15 @ — 32
Arrow Root
—Bermuda — 20 @ —
—Jamaica — 12½@ — 15
—Potato — 6 @ — 6½
Annatto lib — 10 @ — 17
Balsam Copavia — 45 @ — 47
Balsam Tolu — 45 @ — 45
—Peruvian 1 87½@2 —
Berries, Persian — 15 @ — 20
Bi-carb Potash — — @ — 17½
Blea. lime Pow — 4½@ — 5
Borax, refined — 28 @ — 29
Brimstone, ₩'d ton 50 @52
—Roll lb — 2½@ — 3½
Flowers Sulp — 4½@ — 5
Camphor, ₩'d — 27 @ —
—refined — 27 @ — 28
Cantharides 1 85 @ —
Chamomile Flo'r — 37 @ — 40
Cochineal, Hon — 1 12 @ —
—Mexican 1 17 @ 1 20
Copperas, Am — — @ — 1
Cream Tartar — 28 @ — 34
Cubebs — 22 @ — 25
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Gum Arabic
—Sorts — 12 @ — 15
—Turkey — 28 @ — 33
—Copal — 13 @ — 18
—Sandrac — 11 @ — 13
—Trag'th sris — 18 @ — 25
—Flake — 50 @ — 55
—Myrrh — 18 @ — 20
—Senegal — 12 @ — 18
Ipecacuanha 1 75 @ 1 80
Indigo — 65 @ — 75
Juniper Berries — 4 @ — 5
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—Lavender S — 40 @ — 70
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Rye 4 50 @ 4 75
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Oranges bxes — 5 — @ — —
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₩ lb — 15 @ — 20
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Almonds, soft
shelled — 20 @ — 25
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Apples, d'd lb — 6 @ — 7
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Do pared — 15 @ — —
Groundnuts, bu'l 1 25 @ 1 50
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Fe lb 1 50 @ 2 —
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Muskrat Skins, — 8 @ — 9½
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GINSENG—Duty 10 ₩ ct.
Crude — 41 @ —
Clarified — 50 @ — —

GRAIN—
Columbian 55 — @ 60 —
Peruvian 55 — @60 —
—Spartan 1 87½@2 —

Railroad bars 65 — @ — —
English bar 65 — @70 —
American bar 70 — @75 —
Hoops 50 — @55 —
Boiler plates,
No 1 ₩ lb — 4½@ — 4
No 2 ₩ lb — 4 — @ — —
Anvils, ton 110 — @115 —
Anchors, ton 90 — @100 —
Cast Steel 75 — @80 —

LEAD—
Pig Galena, ₩
lb 6 62 @ — —
—Chester Co 6 25 @ — —
Foreign 6 25 @ — —
Bar 7 — @ 8 —

LEATHER—
Finished Skirting ₩ lb — 31 @ — 34
Spanish Sole, oak — 33 @ — 36
Slaughtered do — 35 @ — 38
Upper, rough side 1 75 @ 2 50
Calf Skins, dos 12 — @30 —

LIME—
Lime, bushel — 12 @ — 38

LUMBER—
Flooring, N C, ₩
M feet 12 — @10 —
White pine 14 — @16 —
Yellow pine 12 — @16 —
Hemlock 7 — @ — —
Spruce dressing 13 — @14 —
Spruce joist 13 — @14 —
Shingles n'v, M 12 — @25 —
Cedar bd in pile M 1 40 @ 1 50
Pickets a'd ft 7 — @ 8 —
Staves w o, M 60 — @65 —
—Hogshead 18 — @52 —
—Barrel 12 — @13 —
Hoops, country 18 — @25 —

MOLASSES—
Muscovado ₩ gal — 27 @ — 28
Trinidad — 7 @ — 8

COFFEE Cuba lb 11 @ —
Java — 14 @ — 14½
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Sheathing — 28 @ — 29
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CORKS—Duty 25 ₩ ct.
Velvet quarts
₩ gross — 50 @ — 62
Do pints — 35 @ — 42

COTTON—Duty free
New Orleans and
Mobile ₩ lb — @ —
Ordinary 11 @12
Middling to good mid 12 @13
Middling fair 14 @14½
Fair to good fair 14½

Wit and Humor.

THE HORSE.

Ike Partington is well advanced in his class. He is in some things beyond the teacher's art, and could, in fact, give that functionary some lessons in arts wherein he is perfect. Ike dislikes "composition," where a theme is given out to be written upon by scholars, and his credits are not very great for his efforts in that direction generally; but the other day he astonished the master and every one in the school by an elaborate article on the horse. He was called upon to read it aloud to the scholars, and on getting upon the platform, he made a bow and began:

"*The Horse.*—The horse is a quadruped with four legs, two behind and two before. He has a tail that grows to the hind part of his body, that nature has furnished him with to drive the flies away. His head is situated on the other end opposite his tail, and is used principally to fasten a bridle to him by, and to put into a basket to eat oats with. Horses are very useful animals, and people couldn't get along very well without them, especially truckmen and omnibus drivers, who don't seem to be half grateful enough because they've got 'em. They are very convenient animals in the country, in vacation time, and go very fast over the country roads, when the boys stick pins in them, a species of cruelty that I would not encourage. Horses are generally covered with red hair, though some are white, and others are gray and black. Nobody ever saw a blue horse, which is considered very strange by eminent naturalists. The horse is a quiet and intelligent animal, and can sleep standing up, which is a very convenient gift, especially where there is a crowd, and it is difficult to get a chance to lay. There is a great variety of horses—fast horses and slow horses, clothes horses, horse mackerel, saw horses, horse flies, horse chestnut, chestnut horse, and horse radish. The clothes horse is a very quiet animal to have around a house, and is never known to kick, though very apt to make a row when it gets capsized. The same may be said of the saw-horse, which will stand without tying. The horse-fly is a vicious beast, and very annoying in the summer when a fellow is in swimming. Horse mackerel I don't know anything about, only they swim in the water, and are a species of fish. Horse-chestnuts are prime to pelt Mickles with; and horse-radish is a mighty smart horse, but had to have standing around where there are children. The horse is found in all countries, principally in livery stables, where they may be hired by the mile, and are considered by them as can get money a great luxury, especially in the sleighing season. In South America they grow wild, and the Indians catch them with nooses that they throw over the horses' heads, which must be thought by the horses a great nuisance."

DIVIDING THE FLOCK.—When Mr. Moody was on a journey, in the western part of Massachusetts, he called on a brother in the ministry on Saturday, thinking to spend the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. The man appeared very glad to see him, and said:

"I should be very glad to have you stop and preach for me to-morrow, but I feel ashamed to ask you."

"What is the matter?" asked Moody.

"Why, our people have got into such a habit of going out before the meeting is closed, that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger."

"If that is all, I must and will stop and preach for you," was Moody's reply.

When the Sabbath day came, and Mr. Moody had opened the meeting, and named his text, he looked around on the assembly, and said:

"My hearers, I am going to speak to two sorts of folks to-day—saints and sinners! Sinners! I am going to give you your portion first, and would have you give good attention." When he had preached to them as long as he thought best, he paused and said: "There, sinners, I have done with you now; you may take your hats, and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please."

But all tarried and heard him through.

"WHOSE ALE IS IT?"—Will you give me a glass of ale, please?" asked a rather seedish-looking person, with an old but well-brushed coat and almost too shiny a hat. It was produced by the bar-tender, creaming over the edge of the tumbler. "Thank ye," said the recipient, as he placed it to his lips. Having finished it right off at a swallow, he smacked his lips, and said, "That is very fine ale—*very*; whose is it?" "It's Harman's ale." "Ah! Harman's, eh? Well, give us one more glass." It was done; and holding it up to the light, and looking through it, the connoisseur said, "Pon my word, it is superb ale—superb! clear as Madeira. I must have some more of that! Give me a mug of it." The mug was furnished; but before putting it to his lips, the imbiber said, "Whose ale did you say this was?" "Harman's," replied the bar-tender. The mug was exhausted, and also the vocabulary of praise; and it only remained for the appreciating gentleman to say, as he wiped his mouth and went towards the door; "Harman's ale, is it? I *know* Harman very well; I shall see him soon, and settle with him for the two glasses and a mug of his incomparable brew.—*Knickerbocker.*

☞ A tavern-keeper, who resides in a neighboring town, and who is a frequent customer at his own bar, was much annoyed by swarms of red ants, which, by dint of their perseverance, made sad havoc with his sugar. As he was one day waiting on a traveller, the landlord, in no measured terms, expressed his indignation against these little patterns of industry, adding, that he would give a generous sum to be effectually rid of them. Upon this the traveller said: "Sir, I can tell you how they may be destroyed in a very short time, without any expense." "Well," said Boniface, "let me know how, and I will try it instantly." "You must kill one of the ants," replied the traveller, "every time you go into the bar for something to drink—and my word for it, you'll make an end of them in less than a week!"

☞ In the pine barrens of Michigan, not a thousand miles from Grand Rapids, but four miles away from any other dwelling, is a miserable shanty of log shingles, bearing the following sign:—

"This is Uncle Dan Thomases,
Who always keeps his promises;
His victuals and beer,
And other good cheer,
Can't be beat about here."

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD PROVERB.—An Irish captain of a small schooner wanted a mate. An applicant came, and as a proof of his capabilities that he had served with Capt. So-and-so.

"Och! what do I care for that?" said Captain Pat, "shure, an' isn't one man's *mate* another man's poison?"

SEEING THE ELEPHANT.

A friend tells us of a rich incident that occurred the other day in the court-room at Frankfort, in which the proverbial attractions of the elephant are very forcibly illustrated. It seems that, on the day in question, a menagerie was expected in the city, and the people were naturally on the qui vive for the approaching sights—an interest in which, as the sequel shows, his Honor the Judge keenly participated. Notwithstanding, the Court was held on that day, though not exactly as usual. In the progress of the morning's business a case of continuance arose, which the Judge was evidently not at all inclined to favor. His countenance, indeed, grew absolutely stern with disfavor. The lawyer in charge, having urged his plea with all the ingenuity and ability at his command, was at length in the act of yielding the point in despair, when a brother lawyer, especially up to snuff, rose and whispered into his ear that the menagerie had arrived, and *the elephant would swim the river!* The suggestion was big with relief. Brightening with hope, the wily lawyer at once drew himself up deferentially, and, addressing the Court, said: "May it please your Honor, I have this moment learned that the Great American Menagerie has reached this city, and *the elephant will immediately swim the Kentucky river!* The people, I am informed, are already thronging upon the banks to witness the extraordinary feat." The hit was palpable. The intelligence of Buchanan's election could hardly have brought a more wonderful change in the bearing of his Honor. His stern countenance at once relaxed into the most genial complacency, and, in a tone of generous excitement, he remarked, "Gentlemen, I grant this continuance, and adjourn the Court. I never have seen an elephant swim a river, and, as I am an old man, it isn't likely that I'll ever have a better opportunity. The Court's adjourned!" The last thing our friend saw of the Court, it was making for the river at a speed never contemplated by the Life Insurance Company. Verily, there's no resisting the elephant!—*Louisville Journal.*

A CLEAN SELL.—A shrewd countryman was in New York the other day, gawky, uncouth, and innocent enough in appearance, but in reality, with his eye-teeth cut. Passing up Chatham street, through the clothes quarter, he was continually encountered with importunities to buy. From almost every store some one rushed out, in accordance with the annoying custom of that street, to seize upon and try to force him to purchase. At last one dirty-looking fellow caught him by the arm, and clamorously urged him to become a customer.

"Have you got any shirts?" inquired the countryman, with a very innocent look.

"A splendid assortment, sir. Step in, sir. Every price, sir, and every style. The cheapest in the street, sir."

"Are they clean?"

"To be sure, sir. Step in, sir."

"Then," resumed the countryman, with perfect gravity, "put on one, for you need it."

The rage of the shop keeper may be imagined, as the countryman, turning upon his heel, quietly pursued his way.

AN ANTI-VEGETARIAN VIRGIN.—One of our north-country pitmen, who had turned vegetarian, went a-courting to a plucky lass in the colliery village, and "popped the question." "Oh," said she, "go along with you! Do you think I'm going to be flesh of your flesh, and you live on cabbages? No, indeed, I don't belong to the rabbit family."—*English paper.*

SNUFF.—A gentleman once asked the celebrated Dr. Abernethy if he thought the moderate use of snuff would injure the brain? "No, sir," was Abernethy's prompt reply; "for no man with a single ounce of brains would ever think of taking snuff."

Useful Receipts.

TO DARKEN MAHOGANY.—Drop a small piece of lime in a basin of water, and wash the mahogany with it.

IMITATION OF MOCK TURTLE.—Put into a pan a knuckle of veal, two fine cow heels or two calves' feet, two onions, a few cloves, peppers, berries of allspice, mace, and sweet herbs; cover them with water, then tie a thick paper over the pan, and set it in an oven for three hours. When cold, take off the fat very nicely, cut the meat and feet into bits an inch and a half square, remove the bones and coarse parts, and then put the rest on to warm, with a large spoonful of walnut and one of mushroom catsup, half a pint of sherry or Madeira wine, a little mushroom powder, and the jelly of the stock which has the meats may require seasoning, add some, and serve with hard eggs, forcemeat balls, a squeeze of lemon, and a spoonful of soy. This is a very easy way, and the dish is excellent.

WASHING FLUID.—Take one pound of sal soda and half a pound of unslacked lime, put them in a gallon of water and boil twenty minutes, let it stand till cool, then drain off, and put it away in a stone jug or jar. Soak your dirty clothes over night, or until they are well wet through, then wring them out and rub on plenty of soap, and to one boiler of clothes well covered over with water, add one teacupfull of the washing fluid. Boil half an hour briskly, then wash them thoroughly through one suds, and rinse well through two waters, and your clothes will look better than the old way of washing twice before boiling.—*Correspondent Ohio Cultivator.*

TO CURE CORNS.—A writer in one of the agricultural papers declares on his own experience that to pare corns and then apply a drop or two of wormwood oil is a certain cure.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Mix one pint of rich cream with half a pint of milk; sweeten it to your taste, and add half a pint of Madeira wine, and one gill of rose water; beat these ingredients thoroughly. Dissolve in boiling water one ounce and a half of isinglass, and strain it through a napkin or sieve, then stir it into the cream. Fill your moulds, and when firm turn out.

OIL OF MUSTARD IN RHEUMATISM.—Where one-third of the male population complain to some extent of rheumatic pains, in the fickle climate of New England, but more especially along the seashore, physicians have it in their power to mitigate an immense amount of severe suffering by prescribing the volatile oil of mustard. It is employed as a rubefacient, being first diluted in its own weight of alcohol at forty degrees. Some patients may object to its pungent odor; but that is temporary, while the remedy may in some cases prove a permanent cure. Make the application at least twice a day, and protect the part with soft flannel. Mustard mills are in operation in the cities generally, at which the oil may be procured, it being an article not much in demand in the arts. Were it not for detecting it by a pungent odor, this oil would have become a secret remedy for rheumatic pains years ago. A nostrum loses miraculous efficiency and curative properties on becoming known.—*Medical World.*

MASTER TOM.—Oh, Pa, Ma says you haven't left any money for groceries and marketing during the week you are to be gone.

TRAVELLER.—What! No! Well, here, give mother this quarter-dollar.

Agricultural.

CONDITION OF HORSES.

Condition is a term generally understood, but hardly ever applied in its strict signification. In the mouths of the trainer, the gentleman, the stableman, the dealer, and the carter, it is used with strict propriety when appealing to the animal which each in his own sphere has to deal with. But taken beyond this sphere, each will pronounce the horse the other prizes, out of condition. Yet the word so often used, and in the mouth of everybody, must have some meaning. Condition implies the highest possible state of positive health compatible with the purposes to which man seeks to put a horse. It is a state of health so fine, that it borders on disease, and animals kept in condition for any length of time (unless admirably tended) are apt to be attacked by disorders.

The trainer, to attain condition, endeavors to promote the absorption of every particle of loose tissue or of fat; to have the muscles and tendons in their highest working order; and the nervous system in a state of energy which too often disappoints the hopes of him who induces it. This is, on the race-course, called perfect condition.

The gentleman likes to behold his hunter much in the state of the racer, only, as the animal has to endure every vicissitude of weather, and is expected to carry its rider for a day rather than for a few minutes, he can permit, perhaps, a slight quantity of flesh which would be deemed superfluous in the racer. This, in the gentleman's opinion, is excellent condition.

The stableman likes the horses under his care to carry a fair quantity of flesh, to be gay, but not too sprightly, to have glossy coats, and altogether to appear after a fashion that may captivate his mistress's eye; and this when brought about is, to his mind, admirable condition.

The dealer loves to behold his stock so fat, as to be unfit for long or even actual work, but fat enough to render the body round, so as to conceal every defect. Fed up to the point of excitement, but, like drunkards, unable to maintain it long. Very fresh for the few minutes they are taken out of the stable to be shown, but with lungs that would hardly permit them to frolic for a longer period. With their coats blooming, their manes and tails nicely combed, and with their hoofs freshly oiled. This, in his judgment, is absolute condition.

The carter wishes his horse to carry as much fat and flesh as possible, thereby to increase his weight, and enable the animal to pull heavy loads. To obtain the means of doing this he employs various nostrums, and not unfrequently cribs from his master's granary. When he beholds his teams fat to repletion, he, with pride, pronounces them to be in a beautiful condition.

Thus condition in horses, though applied in different senses, yet, when properly considered, means always the same thing. The horse is intended, by the word, to be in an unnatural or forced state, up to the requirements of an arbitrary master's will; but, when carried to extremes, not in such a condition as is altogether fatly compatible with the creature's enjoyment of existence, or directly equal to a state of health which promises prolonged life.

With so artificial a state, no matter to which sort of condition the horse be subjected, any sudden change is likely to interfere. There is no practice more foolish than that of suddenly turning a horse into a field, in order that he may support his life upon grass. It is true, herbage may be the natural food of the animal, but the horse of our stables is not in a state of nature. In his free state the animal does no work, neither, it may be said, does he when turned out to grass. This, at first, may appear very true, but the hardest of all work is any exercise we are unused to. The editor of this edition has seen a countryman sweat over a letter for half a day, and at the end of the time the man has only spoiled several sheets of paper. So also he has witnessed a lawyer perspire, when positively doing nothing in a garden. Then the horse turned into a field has to do that which it is not used to perform. In the stable food is brought to it, in the field it has to walk for its living; thus there is a total change of habit by the day, and at night, instead of a warm stable, with a good bed and plenty of clothing, he has to lie down perhaps on the damp grass, with the heavens above him, and nothing to cover his shivering body. Then there are the flies to be taken into the account; yet, not to mention these pests, there is the diet; the horse in the stable eats only hay and oats; a comparatively small portion of which suffice for his sustenance; when turned to grass he is taken away from such stimulating diet, and compelled to march many a mile before he can collect enough of watery herbage to satisfy the cravings of nature.

Let no man who has an animal that is worth stable provender turn such a horse out to grass. It is an old and unfounded notion that grass is the natural food of the horse. We know nothing of the wild animal, and therefore cannot say what it did or did not eat; it is certain many horses can exist on the growth of the field, but then very many cannot; and how is the master to decide which will and that which is unable.

The loss of a horse is a serious sacrifice, not to mention the disappointment when the mind was fixed on its improvement. Any change is inimical to condition; an increase or change of food; mow-burnt or musty hay; kiln-dried or new oats; any alteration in the water the horse is accustomed to drink; scarcity of, or too much water; excess of warmth in the stable, and too much clothing; excessive exertion or want of exercise; cramming upon or after a journey; too hard a burst or too long a check; in short, anything whatever which endangers the high state of excitability to which the animal has been brought will throw the animal out of condition, as it is termed. To keep up perfect condition is a most difficult task; it requires all the master's and the groom's utmost attention; and when maintained for any period, as a general rule, it certainly tends to shorten life.

Morbid condition simply means that the horse is suffering from some immediate disease, or that he is the victim of the lingering effects of a disorder, the active symptoms of which have subsided. In such a case no rule of treatment can with propriety be laid down, but the animal must be subjected to those measures that apply to his peculiar state.—*Blaine's Outlines.*

POTATOES IN TAN.

It is nine years since I first directed attention to the planting of potatoes in old tan, a practice I have ever since followed with the best results. My potatoes, grown under this method, have been witnessed by hundreds, both at public exhibitions and in a growing state at home. At the former they have always stood pre-eminent. Although I must admit I am one of the most fortunate in escaping the disease, I do not presume to say that it is entirely through growing them in old tan. This is, however, a very great point in their favor, and it is entirely through using this that my potatoes have always called forth such high comments when exhibited, being perfectly clear and free from scab. It is by selecting the earliest varieties, planting early in spring the middle-sized tubers in old tan—taken up and stored away with sprinklings of lime as soon as sufficiently ripe, that I always manage to escape the disease; that is, I have scarcely had any bad ones worthy of notice, and unless these points are strictly adhered to, we shall never successfully escape it. A great portion of the potatoes round this neighborhood were perfectly ripe by the end of July or the beginning of August, and the haulm dried quite up; the crop at that time was perfectly sound; in fact, scarcely a bad potato was to be found. Now, if these had then been taken up and stored away, the crop would have been perfectly free from disease. The great point since the appearance of the disease, is to have the potato crop sufficiently forward to escape the risk of vicissitudes of weather, and the damaging effects of wet and cold at the stage of ripening of the tubers, and this cannot be attained by anything short of the method above recommended. The potato crop has suffered more in parts of this district this season than has ever been known since the appearance of the disease. I have been called to witness many acres of potatoes that have not paid for the labor of digging up, yet all these potatoes alluded to were quite free from disease up to the first or second week in August. I trust that the folly of planting late potatoes, and carelessly leaving the early ones in the ground to grow a second time, has been fully established this season, by the appearance again of the diseases, which generally takes place after heavy rains about August, and by so many persons complaining of their potatoes growing a second time; but if we are to escape the evil it must be through perseverance, and the following method: Plant early varieties so soon after the second week in February as the ground will permit, previously dressing the land with lime; place them from two to three feet apart from row to row, and use all the old tan you can procure; and lastly dig up the tubers as soon as the skin is set hard and the haulm died down; store them away perfectly dry, dusting them over with sprinklings of lime. Having the last two seasons grown a large collection of potatoes, selected with great care both in and out of tan for experiment, I am able to state that some varieties are very liable to the disease on all kinds of soil, while others have never shown the least symptoms of the malady. This should be borne in mind by all potato planters.—*Cor. Gardener's Chronicle, Eng.*

SORES ON HORSES AND CATTLE.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer, in reply to an inquiry by another correspondent for a cure of a bad sore on a horse's shoulder, gives the following prescription:

Lime and lard are the best application to old, bad sores, of any kind, that I know, especially if the bone is any affected.

Take good stone lime, slake dry, and sift through a fine sieve. Put the flour in a bottle, cork tight, and keep it in a dark place from the light and air, and it will keep good for years.—Take one part of lime to three parts of lard, in bulk, and mix them well, cold, and apply a proper quantity to the sore, twice a day, and cleanse well each time with soap suds. If the sore descends below the outward opening, it must be opened to the bottom, or it will not heal sound. If the bone be affected, the sore probably will not heal, and ought not to till the bone shall be healed. Sores healed under this treatment always heal sound. If fungus be in the sore, this ointment will clear it all out, and keep it out.

The above proportions are about right, but the applicant will soon learn to vary them if necessary. Some allowance will be necessary for the different strength of the lime.

STONE WALLS:

TO PREVENT THEIR FALLING IN WINTER.

A correspondent asks: "How shall we keep our stone walls from being thrown down by frost the coming winter?" If properly built at first, there would be no danger of their falling; rather, we should say, if properly *placed*, they would not fall. They are displaced by the action of frost, not upon the walls nor upon the soil itself, but upon the water saturating the soil. All solid bodies contract more or less in cold weather, but in a stone wall or in *dry* earth, the contraction or change of bulk is not sufficient to displace even a loosely built wall. Water, on the contrary, expands largely in freezing. Eight barrels of water will yield nine barrels full of ice. Take a barrel three feet high, put into it 32 inches in depth of water, then allow it to freeze, and the barrel will be just full. Precisely the same result would be obtained if 32 inches of a mixture of soil and water had been used instead of water only. But put in dry earth, and the expansion or increase of bulk will scarcely be perceptible.

Just so the soil under a wall, when saturated with water, will expand an eighth of its bulk in freezing, and raise the wall by so much. If now one side thaws before or faster than the other, that side of the wall will settle down more rapidly, and the chances are that the whole will be displaced and perhaps tumble down.

The remedy is simple. Run a drain or ditch near the wall, deep enough to render the soil under it dry to as great a depth as the frost will penetrate, and unless very carelessly built, there will be no danger of the stones tumbling down.

It is better to erect a stone fence upon a ridge of dry land at first, than to dig a foundation in a wet surface. If the latter course is pursued, the damp earth upon either side will expand and contract unequally, and throw down the best constructed stone wall.

The same is the case with posts set in a wet soil. Freezing elevates the frozen earth, and as this is solid around the post, it will raise it out of the unfrozen soil below, but it will not usually settle back again when thawing takes place. A few successive freezings and thawings will ultimately raise the posts entirely above the surface, when they will fall over. This can only be remedied by draining off the water.

In the erection of foundation walls for buildings in wet ground, it has been recommended to build open spaces in them, and set in perpendicular blocks of wood upon which the sills may rest, and to fill in around these with tan bark, gravel, or coarse sand. This plan will answer a good purpose, if the filling around the supporting blocks be kept *dry*, and not otherwise.—*American Agriculturalist.*

KOHLRABY is the name of a vegetable of the characters of the cabbage and cauliflower. The Agricultural Department of the Patent Office has been distributing seed, but the careless and negligent manner in which the vegetable has been treated by many cultivators has brought it a bad name in some quarters. A gentleman of the North, who has cultivated and approves of it, says:—

"It is easily cultivated, like other cabbages, has the taste of a turnip, but much more mild and pleasant and not rank, and is very soft and buttery when taken from the ground in season; but if left overstanding or overgrown, it will, like cauliflowers or cucumbers and many other vegetables, be good for nothing. Its tender fibres will become wooden, and of course produce to the ignorant cultivator 'basket stuff.'

"It is now five years since I introduced it here, besides several other fine vegetables; but as every new thing, good and even superior as it may be, is appreciated very slowly, or even rejected before a fair trial, so the Kohlraby has been confined mostly to my own household."

MANURING THE ORCHARD.—In connection with the subject of transplanting young trees in autumn, is another which, in justice to old trees, we would beg leave to urge upon your attention. It is that of giving your old trees in the orchard, a good dressing of some kind of fertilizer, to renew their strength and energy, and rouse them up to action another season. The fall is a good time to do this. You cannot expend time, money and labor in a more useful manner than by taking your man and team and yourself a day or two, and put round each tree a load or two of barn-yard manure or muck, or, if you do not have either of these to spare, some chip dirt, or loam from the road-side, or leaves, and scraping of woods or swamps. It will pay. You cannot expect that your trees will supply you, year after year with fruit, and the soil in which they are placed never become exhausted. If you would have continued heat from the fire, you must add fuel. If you would have continued fruit from your trees, you must add manure to them.—*Maine Farmer.*

HOW TO SAVE CARROTS.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:—

"I have had some experience in saving carrots for spring feeding. After they are pulled and topped, I make a smooth place in the field, and dig a trench, say two feet wide, six or eight inches deep, and then lay in two rails—leaving a space of eight inches between the rails—then lay carrots over these rails so as to leave the space open; then pile on the carrots, say three feet high and four wide. In this way you can make your pit any desired length; cover it with a coat of straw and about four inches of dirt; but be sure that the ends of the rails be left open so that the air will pass through from one end to the other, and they will not rot or freeze to injure. In this way I have kept mine for a number of years in good order."

THE TRIALS OF LIFE.—Life is not entirely made up of great evils or heavy trials; but the perpetual recurrence of petty evils and small trials in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces. To bear with the failings of those about us—with their infirmities, their bad judgment, their ill-breeding, their perverse tempers—to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks—to bear with the company of disagreeable people whom Providence has placed in our way, and whom He has perhaps provided or purposed for the trial of our virtue—these are the best exercises of patience and self-denial, and the better because not chosen by ourselves. To bear with vexation in business, with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will, contradicts our humor—this habitual acquiescence appears to be more of the essence of self-denial than any little rigors or inflictions of our own imposing. These constant, inevitable, but inferior evils, properly improved, furnish a good moral discipline, and might, in the days of ignorance, have superseded pilgrimage and penance.—*Hannah More.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 4, 5, 12, 2, were nymphs of fields.
My 10, 17, 14, 6, was the daughter of Inachus, transformed by Jupiter into a white heifer, but afterwards resuming her former shape, was worshipped as a goddess by the Egyptians.
My 2, 6, 4, 7, 17, was a title of Bacchus.
My 16, 4, 15, 13, was a title of Fortuna.
My 13, 14, 8, was a title of Pluto.
My 17, 12, 5, 2, 9, 10, 8, was the foster father and companion of Bacchus, who lived in Arcadia, rode on an ass and was drunk every day.
My 9, 4, 1, 2, 17, 12, 8, was a goddess of revenge.
My 12, 3, 16, 17, was the son of Tereus and Progne, murdered and served up by his mother at a banquet before Tereus in revenge for having wronged her sister Philomela.
My whole was a skillful Roman commander, and a man of strict integrity. CINROS.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 2, 9, 6, 7, 10, 8, is a county in Georgia.
My 3, 14, 13, 3, 7, 14, 7, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 16, 8, 3, 11, is a county in New York.
My 5, 17, 9, is a county in Virginia.
My 12, 15, 2, 4, 7, 14, 15, is a county in Vermont.
My 16, 3, 6, 2, is a county in North Carolina.
My whole is an oft-quoted proverb. GAHMEW.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 10, 15, 2, 11, 2, 19, was a German poet.
My 5, 13, 20, 19, was a queen of France.
My 7, 17, 14, 3, was an English historian.
My 21, 6, 1, 8, 5, 20, was a Venetian painter.
My 4, 2, 8, 21, 11, 8, 16, 19, 5, 12, 9, was a lord mayor of London.
My 18, 15, 6, 9, 19, 6, 14, was a German theologian.
My whole is a noble enterprise.
Lexington, Ky. J. G. COOPER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.
Take my 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, and I am showy.
Take my 6, 7, 8, 5, and I am a by-road.
Take my 6, 4, 8, 9, and I am given on condition.
Take my 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, and I am a beautiful color.
Take my 6, 7, 8, 9, and I am seen wherever you cast your eyes.
Take my 1, 2, 7, 9, 3, and I am distinguished by action.
Take my 4, 8, 9, and I am done.
My whole is an island justly celebrated for its peculiarity of climate, and the remarkable ingenuity of its inhabitants. "LEYDEN.
Centre Hill, Pa.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a nail
Of a very small kind!
My second a plant
Will bring to your mind.

My whole fought the Indians,
But did not succeed,
Because he would not let
Washington take the lead.

Wheeling.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING

My first may be seen where the sun first [illegible]
My second implies something under;
My whole is a town with its joys and its cares,
And its people sleep, dream and wonder!
GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an article commonly in use,
It is not very brittle, yet receives much abuse;
My second and third used it, I doubt not at all;
My whole many nations have answered the call.
CINR

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How many cubes of 3 inches, and how many of 6 inches are contained in one cubical foot? J. S. FLOR.
Flower Dale, Iowa.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of the squares of two numbers is 244, the difference of their cubes is 730. Find the numbers.
Franklin. ARTEMAS MAR

ANAGRAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TOWNS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Shout On.	No Red Hens.
An Heel.	Dear Gin.
Still Ho On.	Saw A Nig.
More Tow Nag.	Grub Up Gre
Anna Soon It.	A. M. Not W
Garden Tow.	Ham Gin C

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Where should Quakers go to reside? To the Friendly Isles.

☞ What land would be a delightful place? Ans.—Lap-Land.

☞ What place would suit boot blacks? A

☞ Why is a man who sets out to stop the c of a slander like one travelling to a city in the Africa? Ans.—Because he is going to trip a lie (pol.).

☞ What is the most famous day mentioned in history? Ans.—The Day of [illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Birth of Louis Eugene Jean Joseph. [illegible] GRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Oes. Wine. CELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Alexandria, burg, Schuylkill county. CHARADE. [illegible] RIDDLE.—Fremont. (Fre-mo. —Mill-stone. ALGEBRAICAL PROB and 18.

INTOXICATION OF THE EAR. lucinations produced by [illegible] (*Cannabis Indica*,) the intensity sound is most striking. The ea related to Dr. Moreau, in [illegible] it is hopeless to attempt to give an idea of the style of the thor, the sensations produced. He "sense of hearing was prodigiously de I actually heard the noise of colors—green, blue, yellow sounds, reached me in waves fectly distinct." A glass overthrown, the creak of a footstool, a word pronounced low, vibrated and shook me like positive thunder; my voice appeared to me so loud, that I dared not speak, for fear of shattering the walls around me or of making me burst like an explosive shell. more than five hundred clocks sang out the hour with an harmonious, silver sound; every sonorous object sounded like the note of an harmonica or the Æolian harp. I swam or floated in an ocean of sound." Such is the extravagant language which has been employed by a individual whose taste and enjoyment of music rendered his criticism on that art much sought after.—*Journal of Psychological Medicine.*

☞ CREATING THE DEVIL.—An elderly Portuguese lady, having pledged herself to a pilgrimage to a distant shrine, her friends persuaded her that the fatigue would prove fatal. She persisted, however, in going to the shrine, and in going barefoot, but not in a sedan-chair.